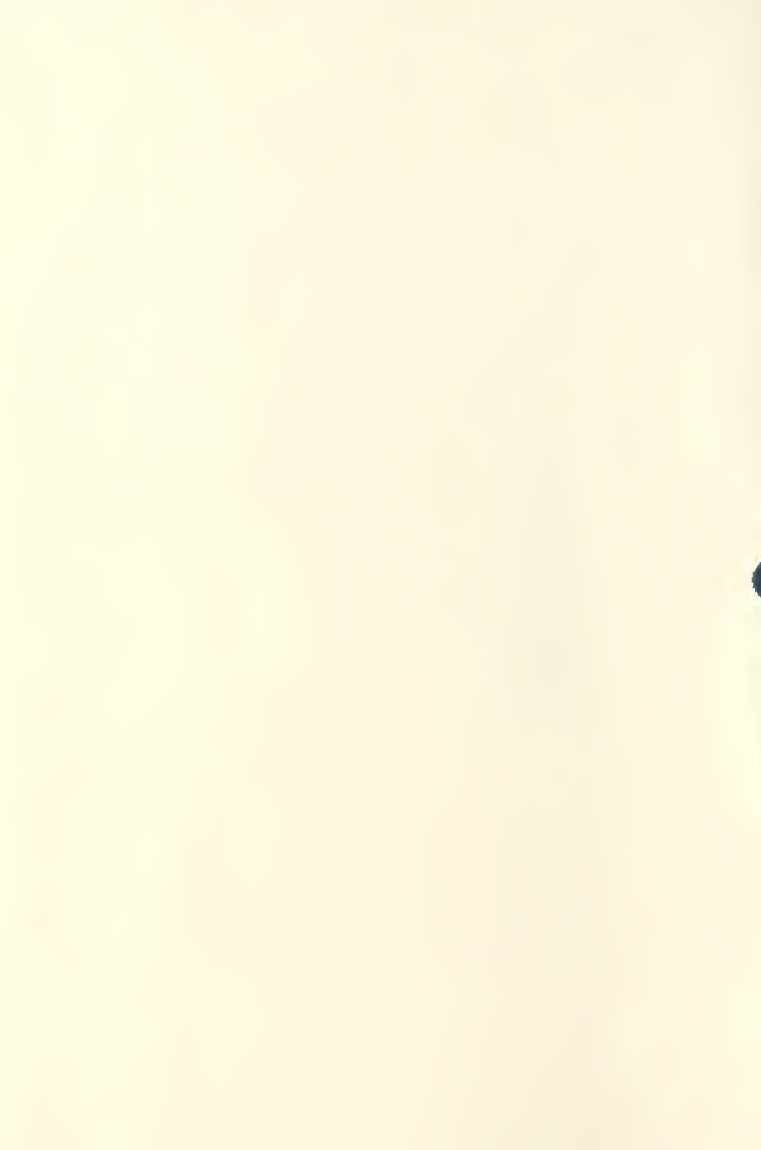


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Martha Smith 22

Margie Wilhelm

Marion Stewart

Glen McFadden

Brian Williams

Grace Swinney

Boyd Jensen

Lawrence R. Jones

Sylvia

Wanda

Wanda Cotterick

Naomi & Ray 21

Naomi & Ray 21

Lena W. Kuech

Wayne Seaver

Charles & Helen

Glen Christensen 22

Gladys Smithson 22

Vivian Robinson

Bernice Budwell

Bill Graham?

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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1919 -
Sargasso

Kokomo · High · School ·



Nannie *Bartha Scott* '21

FOREWORD



Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Has crept upon us slowly day by day
And now our time to leave is come ;
In this Sargasso may you find
The profits we have made. Accept it, friend!
In the future consider it, a record
That reveals and sings of this, our youth,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by a class, replete with zeal and joy
Signifying great things.



DEDICATION
to
RUTH M. MILLER
and
LESTER R. McCARTY
We,

*The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen,
respectfully dedicate
this Annual*



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Our Soldiers and Sailors



Ashley, Robert Floyd, '18
Aikman, Roy, '13
Armstrong, Ralph, '12
Adams, Cleo, '11
Applegate, Emerson, '11
Barnard, Paul, '15
Barlow, George, '12
Bogue, Cedric, '16
Butler, Emerson, ex-'17
Bauer, Noel, '16
Beeching, Chas.
Broo, Frank
Barnes, Creston, '15
Callis, Harold, '11
Carothers, Frank, '16
Carr, Wayne, '08
Cates, Harold, '11
Carothers, Glenn, '17
Chancellor, Robert, '16
Chancellor, Emmet, '12
Charles, Foster, ex-'19
Clifford, Earl, ex-'18
Curlee, Glen, '12
Criss, Oscar, '15
Chammes, Spencer, '14
Carothers, Macy, '18
Copp, Harrison, '14
Downs, Oliver, '11
Davis, Harry, '13
DeWeese, Herbert, '15
Dixon, Walter, '10
Downs, Roland, '10
Davis, Charles, '82
Easterling, Leslie, '02
Easterling, Aldis, '05
Erwin, Walter, '89
Ford, Carl, '10—Dead
Freeman, Wayne, '15
Ferriday, Myron, ex-'18
Freeland, Harold, '16
Freeman, Paul, '17
Garner, Roscoe, '11
Garriston, Rex, '11
Gentry, Ben A., '12
Goyer, Fred, '12
Goyer, Clarence, '13
Gunning, Leo, '14
Green, Holland, '18
Greson, Alvin, '18
Gates, Leslie, '12
Gates, Rollic, '13

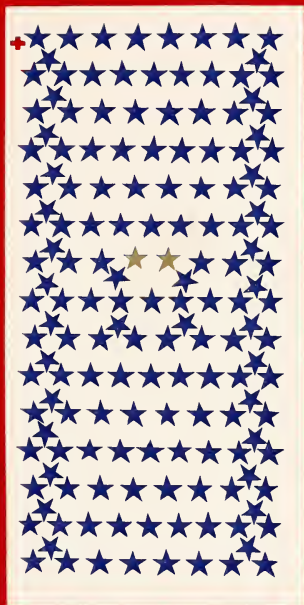
Gates, Walter, '15
Hart, Harvey, '10
Holman, James, '13
Hopkins, Murden, '11
Hillis, Glen, '10
Huffman, Walter, ex-'18
Hunter, Allan, '16
Hobson, George, '17
Hansell, Ralph, '17
Hannah, Estelle, '13
Huffman, Lester, '14
Hunt, Raymond, '12
Hutchings, Willard, '10
Hunt, Birda, '12—Red Cross
Jay, Phillip, '09
Johnson, Joe, '10
Julow, Franklin, '13
Kanable, Russell, '15
Lane, Ovid, '14
Lantz, Ray, '16
Lantz, Glen, ex-'18
Leach, Geo. M., '12
Learner, Ellis, '02
Long, Lawrence R., '12
Long, Audria, '14
Lung, Dr. Bruce, '06
McInturf, Lloyd, '14
McGaw, Chas., '15
McNeal, Raymond, '16
McReynolds, Wesley, '13
McReynolds, Clarence, '10
McCoy, Freeman, '06
McKorkle, William, '16
McReynolds, Everett, '13
McDonald, Donald, '13
McKee, John, '18
McNutt, Harry, '18
Martin, Wallace, '13
Mayfield, Hollis, '12
Miller, Clifford, ex-'19
Milner, Geo. R. W., '14
Moon, Don. P., '12
Moore, Raymond, '18
Moore, Bruce, '10
Mullikin, John M., '15
Myers, Gard, '14
Mygrant, Scott, '16
Moore, Douglas, '16
Morrison, Miss Audria—
Yeowoman
Moore, Roscoe, '16

Newman, Frank, '11
Newman, Charles, '13
O'Toole, Joe, '13
Poff, Benjamin Franklin, '18
Parker, Paul, '17
Pierce, Emmett, '13
Peters, Garth, '11
Quinn, Wright, ex-'18
Reed, Calvin, '16
Rollins, Floyd, '13
Schrader, Buell, '13
Rollins, Russell, '13
Shen, George B., '12
Shewman, Joe, '14
Shimer, William, '17
Shimer, Ernest, '15
Showalter, Wilber, '08
Smisson, Horace, '17
Smith, Clyde, '11
Smith, Alexander, '13
Smith, Everett, '13
Smith, Carlyle, '15
Smith, Clarence, '05
Somers, Glen, '14
Spruce, Tyner, '14
Swinney, Arthur, '18
Scott, Tom, '15
Sellars, George, '14
Sloan, Carl, '14
Sweeney, Harry, '17
Simmons, Geo., '17
Simmons, Herbert, '15
Smith, Charles M., '18
Thalman, Sigmond, '04
Thorne, Chester, '08
Thorne, George Elmer, '89
Terhune, William, '17
Trayers, William, '18
Thatcher, Allen, '11—Dead
Thatcher, Dewey, '18
Trees, Robert, '18
Trees, Elliott, '16
Voorhis, Harold, '18
Workman, Wm., '13
Walters, Phillip, '15
Williams, Heber, '15
Williams, Raymond, '14
Windoffer, Chas., '14
Woolridge, Byron, '14

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19 • SARGASSO • 19



C. V. HAWORTH, *Superintendent*



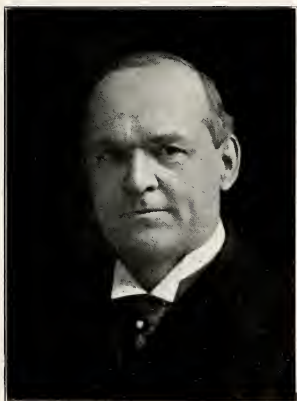
C. E. HINSHAW, *Principal*

19 • SARGASSO • 19

School Board



A. B. ARMSTRONG, *President*



J. A. KAUTZ, *Secretary*



E. A. SIMMONS, *Treasurer*

SARGASSO STAFF



1



18



6



14



2



19



7



10



15



3



20



8



11



16



4



21



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12



17



5



22

19

19



13

Sargasso Staff

Editor

1. Helen Laughlin, '19

Assistants

6. Esther Finch, '19

10. Pauline Weger, '20

Literary Editor

2. Janice Jones, '19

Assistants

3. Russel Young, '19

7. Wilma Shields, '19

Art Editor

20. Victor Davis

Assistants

16. Earl Todd, '19

21. Joy Lockwood, '19

Joke Editor

4. Gilbert Outland, '19

Assistant

8. Russel Smith, '19

Society Editor

5. Mildred Parr, '19

Athletic Editor

22. Donald Preble, '19

Calendar Editor

11. Janice Brown, '19

Class Editors

12. Bernice Powell, '20

17. Lena Weitknecht, '22

9. Ruth McKorkle, '21

13. Harry Werbe, '22

Business Manager

18. Harry Kendall, '19

Assistant

14. Thelma Fridlin, '19

Advertising Manager

19. Richard Patten, '19

Assistant

15. Mildred Seaward, '19

History of Sargasso



IN 1901 THE SENIOR CLASS realized that there was a decided need in Kokomo which wasn't being filled, so they called a meeting for the special purpose of considering the need. They decided that it could be remedied only by a High School Chronicle.

After this decision was reached the next matter in importance was the naming. An appropriate name must be found which was an embodiment of school spirit. The standing together of all elements in the school, the need of every class for the other classes, the feeling of "united we stand, divided we fall," all led to the naming of the Sargasso after the Sargasso Sea in the Northern Atlantic.

The next Sargasso was printed in 1904, and another in 1909. This arrangement made it possible for every person to have a book printed once during his high school career. A book was published each year from 1909 until 1914, when the building burned, destroying all the material which had been prepared. The Sargasso staff of the following year included the pictures of those seniors in their annual. The Editors-in-chief within the memory of the present high school pupils are Noel Shambaugh, 1915; Douglas Moore, 1916; Isabel Smith, 1917, and Mary McKorkle, 1918.



FACULTY

FACULTY



1



8



5



2

Al Balcorn



9



6



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11

FACULTY



FACULTY



22



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26



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31



Faculty

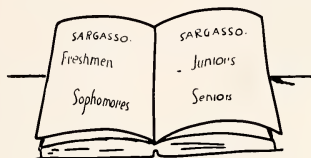
6. MR. HINSHAW	Principal
1. MRS. ALLEE	French
2. MR. BALCOM	Botany
3. MISS BERRY	Cooking
4. MISS COLESCOTT	History
5. MRS. CONN	Typewriting
7. MR. COUGHLIN	Bookkeeping
8. MRS. EIKENBERRY	Girls' Physical Training
9. MISS EICKHOFF	English
10. MISS FARLOW	English
11. MR. FLEENOR	Manual Training
12. MISS GAUZE	Music
13. MISS HOWARD	French
14. MISS JONES	English
15. MR. KNEPPER	Mechanical Drawing
16. MRS. LEARNER	Sewing
17. MR. LINDLEY	Physics
18. MISS LOOP	Shorthand
19. MR. MCCARTY	Chemistry
20. MISS MCCUNE	Mathematics
21. MISS MARTZ	Latin
22. MISS MILLER	Latin
23. MISS ROSS	English
24. MISS RYKER	English
25. MISS THOMAS	Mathematics
26. MISS WARD	Mathematics
27. MISS WILLIAMSON	Art
28. MR. WILSON	History
29. MR. WOODY	Mathematics
30. MISS IDA WARD	Secretary
31. MR. DAVIES	Engineer
32. MR. RUBEY	English

The Kokomobile

The Kokomobile, with all improved parts, is a climber, can go up any hill on high.

Chauffeur	KOKOMO SCHOOL BOARD
Steering gear	MR. HINSHAW
Starter	MR. LINDLEY
Gasoline feed	MISS BERRY
Musical crank shaft	MISS GAUZE
Short transmission	MISS LOOP
Artistic carburetor	MISS WILLIAMSON
Pump (question)	MISS ROSS
Brake	MR. BALCOM
Lubricator	MR. WILSON
Finger clutch	MRS. CONN
Spark plug	MISS EICKHOFF
Radiator (of smiles)	MRS. ALLEE
Battery tester	MR. MCCARTY
G. Y. M. exhaust	MRS. EIKENBERRY
Four wheels { MISS WARD
 MISS MARTZ
 MR. COUGHLIN
 MR. WOODY
Spokes	PUPILS
Outer casing	MRS. LEARNER
Non-skid	MISS COLESCOTT
Axle	MR. FLEENOR
Running board	MISS IDA WARD
Speedometer	MR. HAWORTH
Top	MISS RYKER
Tool box	MR. KNEPPER
Fenders { MISS JONES
 MISS FARLOW
Fan (auto)	MISS MILLER
Hub	MISS HOWARD
Shield	MISS McCUNE
Search light	MISS THOMAS
Gasoline	TAXPAYERS

CLASS



PAGES

19 • SARGASSO • 19



FRANCESE SHADE
February 28, 1901
May 14, 1917

*If surging breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven.*

WALTER DAVIES
August 7, 1899
June 8, 1916



Our Heros

Here's to the ranks of our soldiers tried
Returning from yon carnage wide,
Defenders of our national pride;

Our heroes!

Everyone was a fighter true,
Everyone proved his worth, clear thru,
Everyone showed his gameness, too;

Our heroes!

And here's to our sailors and marines,
Avengers of atrocious scenes,
Vanquishers of submarines,

Our heroes!

Every tar was a superman,
Symbolic of the Yankee clan,
And every inch American,

Our heroes!

But still remember with reverent head
The slumbering hosts of our valiant dead,
The hosts in poppy fields of red,

Our heroes!

Oh! what a priceless gift they gave
That freedom's flag might ever wave,
They who slumber in the grave,

Our heroes!

FELSKE, '19.

SENIORS.



"Harry"



For fellows only.



We three.



A Senior at that.



Jim - Ruth - Dort.



Some Bunch.



Resting.



Pals.



Sunshine & Ripples.



Two Mildreds.



SENIORS

Senior Class Organization

President—LONGFORD FELSKE

Vice-President—MILDRED STAHL

Secretary and Treasurer—KENNETH PARSONS

COLORS—Blue and Old Gold.

MOTTO—We come, we see, we conquer.

Senior Class Poem

Three cheers for the class of '19,
The class of gold and blue,
Since September nineteen-fifteen,
We've always cheered for you.

Search the archives with attention,
See records of our lore.
Seek the teachers' estimation,
They'll say we're fine and more.

We have never teased the Freshmen,
We were once such, you know.
So aspiring under classmen,
We'll move on and let you grow.

Touched with real sobriety,
Dear friends, we bid adieu.
Center of past activity,
Dear school, farewell to you.

M. STAHL, '19.

SENIORS

INA ABNEY

Lessons become easy when cheerfully studied, is Ina's maxim. She has an agreeable disposition, and the teachers like her.

MAE BAIR

Mae, light-hearted and happy, likes everyone generally; one particularly. Her smile is worth a fortune.

RUBY ALEXANDER

"Little said is soonest mended," is Ruby's maxim. She utilizes nature's own without powder and paint.

HELEN BATEMAN

This most capable and ardent student "can talk about the tariff, as well as make your tea."

JULIA ARBUCKLE

Wise men argue causes, Julia tries her best to get ahead of the history teacher with her witty questions.

GARRETT BECK

The captain of our B. B. team, fond of ladies' company; finds life a series of hard knocks and good times.

DOROTHY ARMSTRONG

"Dort" is noted for her candy making. To our future nurse we leave the care of the sick and wounded.

IRENE BELK

A winsome mischievous maiden whose smile wins her many friends. We predict a quiet cottage among roses for her.

SENIORS

SENIORS



FLORA BELL

This convincing maid is a delightful debater. As an active member of the Ko-Hi she is a good samaritan to new students.

QUINCEY CARNEY

Although he has but recently entered our class we have found him quiet and studious. With his wit and his smile he has found a place among us.

MARIE BRITTON

A sweet, modest maiden from Peru, highly ambitious. We are assured she will be successful in her chosen work.

JOHN CHESTNUT

A quiet but wise individual and so called "woman-hater." Who can fathom the depths of his thoughts?

JANICE BROWN

Her speech is witty, her art clever, "her voice ever soft and low, an excellent thing in woman."

JESSAMINE CLARK

Jessamine, a dark-eyed lass, thought it best to make up a class. Her knowledge is as long as she is short.

FRED BUTLER

A modest and industrious lad. Fortunately not stricken with the girls he should have a successful future.

ARLINE COOK

"Beany," fond of eating and above all else of West Middleton; has a decided tendency to laugh and play rag-time.

SENIORS



SENIORS



ZAZEL DARROUGH

The lady with the weak small voice but with convincing speech. She may make herself famous as a suffragist some day.

LA VERNA DE LO

With her winning smiles we are sure La Verna will never have to apply to a matrimonial agency for a mate.

MEARLE DAVENPORT

She is a new member in our ranks this year. We know the place from which she hailed misses her; we should.

HELEN DIVENS

"Stately and tall, she moves in the hall, a chief of a thousand for grace."

VICTOR DAVIS

"Vic" needs no introduction as our renowned yell leader. He is captain of Co. B and has charge of the art of the Sargasso.

LONGFORD FELSKÉ

We expect much from our argumentative president. He is industrious, level-headed and an all round good fellow.

MARGUERITE DEERING

Here we present one of our famous gigglers. She has traveled all through the stormy journey of learning with us.

ESTHER FINCH

She teases and scorns them, she smiles and pouts; they can't be happy with her, and they cannot live without.

SENIORS



SENIORS



ROBERT FINCH

Bob's a jolly lad, never mad, never sad. A favorite haunt of his is walking south on Union street, and we're not tell-tales either.

ARDITH GARNER

"She's just that which is sweetest and neatest, a dear little, sweet little girl."

GRACE FINDLAY

As stately as a queen is this fair one. We have every reason to believe she will make us "famouser" than we are now.

MARGARET GREESON

Here is our very quiet, sedate, dark-eyed Margaret. Where you see her you also see Ardith.

MARY FLORA

Another maid of lithe and willowy type who decorates our class. "Smart!" That's her all over, people.

DONALD GULLION

"Crip" occupies his time studying certain personages in transit outside the building. He would rather eat than sleep.

THELMA FRIDLIN

A brilliant student and an admirable business woman. Thelma will surely meet with success.

MIRIAM HAMILTON

Miriam, pretty and popular, is our chauffeur, usually seen with her car and dog. "Success is man's god"—Garrett is Mamie's.

SENIORS



SENIORS



JENNESS HATTON

Here is a faithful attendant to our class meetings. Her chief accomplishment is her musical ability.

LOIS HOLLINGSWORTH

Lois is not very well known to us, but is well established in our class as a worker. She's often late but seldom tardy.

EARL HAWKINS

"In human life there is a constant change of fortune." Good fortune brought Earl, who has distinguished himself as B. B. center.

SHIRLEY HUFFMAN

Shirley is the third of that noted line of Huffmans to graduate from K. H. S. He holds good standing in our class.

RICHARD HIERNAUX

Everyone envies Dick his ability to speak foreign languages. He is a star B. B. player, and a popular man with the teachers.

JANICE JONES

"O'er rough and smooth she trips along." Janice is one of the most mischievous girls of whom the staff can boast.

WRIGHT HOBBS

Wright is famous for his "caint." He is an illustrious star in constellation Physics.

HARRY KENDALL

A young man of promise and a friend of many. "Keep true to the dreams of thy youth," Harry.

SENIORS



SENIORS



CHRISTINA KINNEY

Christina is one of the jolly farmer girls who has entertained our class. She is as smooth running as a stream.

JOY LOCKWOOD

Our future aviatrix is very popular, especially with aviators. Joy's chief characteristic is to enjoy life.



BERNICE KIRKMAN

A rosy cheeked, blue-eyed girl, loved by all. She is one of the chief props of the Ko-Hi Club.

ARMINTA MAIN

Here we introduce our most able business lady. She can operate a typewriter so fast that it fairly cries for breath.



NINA BELL LANG

A studious lass, interesting, "sober, steadfast and demure." She would make an ideal author.

ESTHER MARR

She is a pleasing new student from Sharpville. The teachers like her because she is so well-behaved.



HELEN LAUGHLIN

The ability of our Editor-in-chief may be observed in this annual. After bidding us good-bye, she may become a freshee at Oberlin U.

JUNE MORRIS

Another of our young ladies whose blush betrays her innocence. She never has to worry about her curls, for they are natural.

SENIORS



SENIORS



MILLARD OAKS

"Tommy" plays on our second team; here, there and everywhere he's right there with the goods and always to be depended upon.

DAWN PARSONS

"The dainty maid with the dusky hair." She is as bright as her name implies, and oh, what a book worm.

RUDOLPH OBERMEYER

A fun-loving lad always seen with Kenneth, who promises to be a farmer of great ability.

EDITH PARSONS

"A blush is the color of virtue" and it certainly fits this young lady. She is Kenneth's sister, but you would never know it.

GILBERT OUTLAND

"Gib" is our joke specialist. He can manufacture one while you wait. He chews gum because the U. S. needs the war tax.

KENNETH PARSONS

Kenneth, a bright and industrious student, hails from the country, and is always glad to benefit some distressed classmate.

MILDRED PARR

This young lady seems able to fit herself into any surroundings. She is pleasant and pretty, and dresses most tastefully.

CLARA PARVIS

One never knows just what she is thinking of, but it is probably a plot for another of her wonderful stories.

SENIORS



19 • SARGASSO • 19

SENIORS



RICHARD PATTEN

Our modern Apollo. He felt himself slipping in his senior year, and applied rosin. "Fortune befriends the bold."

DON PREBLE

"Old King Cole's a jolly old soul." Don's a mighty good chap and "wellmeanin'" too, always has a smile for everybody "n' everything."

LYLIA PETTIFORD

A very bright and attractive student, with a jaunty air and a brilliant outlook.

DWIGHT PRIEST

We haven't yet decided what Dwight's supreme ambitions are, but he likes to sleep and makes a good actor.

MABLE PHELPS

We are expecting Mable to represent us in the suffrage or political issues. She is a public speaker in the making.

MARGARET PUTERBAUGH

She is so business-like that those who know nothing about her cannot approach her. She is much interested in one "Bill."

MARY LUCILE PIERCY

"Silence is a virtue of the wise." Her pet saying is, "I'm going to flunk," but she never does.

RUTH RAREY

Ruth is a genuine optimist, never a cloud in her sky. She makes us all ashamed when grade cards come.

SENIORS



SENIORS



ALTA RAVENSCROFT

Doesn't her name sound literary? She shows much promise of being so, too. However, she will probably be mistress of a home before long.

WILMA SHIELDS

She's a minister's daughter, and a most brilliant student; she doesn't even notice the boys.

EDNA REIDER

Edna is one of our number who never murmurs nor complains, quietly she works, never shirks, always the same.

CHRISTINE SIMMONS

Our dainty, quiet Christine, if they should ask, tell them dear, "If eyes were made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being."

MILDRED SEAWARD

She's pretty to walk with and witty to talk with, and pleasant to think on, too.

WILLIAM SMISSEN

Bill, tall and handsome. Sometimes heard to say, "I believe I've lost the place." Is generally very commendable.

DONALD SHENK

Don is another of our distinguished rural students. His ambition is to become an engineer. It is said he greatly admires the girls.

RUSSELL SMITH

Russell as assistant joke editor, is noted for his humor. He often ruffles up the 4B history class by speaking without permission.

SENIORS



SENIORS



ESTHER SPRAKER

Esther is so quiet you would never realize her presence but still she is wide-awake when others are inclined to sleep.

LULU SUTER

One among a number of our midgets. Stature, however, does not make her unnoticed, for her personality is far too charming for that.

RUTH SPURGEON

She's all one's fancy paints her, she's beautiful, she's bright. Noted for her dimples and her hair.

EDRIA STRATFORD

"Ed" a jolly girl, professes no matrimonial intentions, admires the uniform of a sailor. She makes the piano talk when she can't herself.

MILDRED STAHL

A star among stars, and one of the most unassuming girls we know. She is just naturally good, that's all!

ELSPETH SUTHERLAND

"Sy" is a good girl, but we should like to see some one convince her. She has a certain fondness for people who play! 'Nuff said.

LORINA STIFFLER

She makes one think of Maud Muller with her shyness and unsophisticated manner. She has the will to do and do well.

MILDRED TIPLADY

Mischief, fun and jokes are characteristic of this clever senior. She believes that science is hard on the mind.

SENIORS



SENIORS

EARL TODD

Our handsome good-natured prodigal son, Earl, has distinguished himself in Basket Ball.

MARGARET WARD

Margaret's a prim lass who plays lightly with Cupid's darts, or in other words, treats her admiring gallants with aloofness.

MARTHA TRIPPEER

We associate a sailor, music and autumn tints with Martha and her hair. Were there a Venus she would certainly be jealous.

GLADYS WATKINS

She delights in dancing and making friends with freshmen. We know her by her lively talk and her friend, Audia.

PAUL TURLEY

A gallant young cavalier who is an ardent admirer of the girls; they envy him his curly hair.

MARY WILHELM

Mary's smile, her dancing black eyes, and her rosy cheeks are bound to win for her a happy future.

MARY VORE

Happy am I, from care I'm free, why aren't you all contented like me?

MARY WOLFE

She is not as her name would suggest, a person to be avoided. In fact, she is much sought after, but we do not know her choice.

SENIORS

SENIORS



MAXINE WOODY

"The best hearts are ever the bravest." Maxine does not seek to be in the limelight, she just seeks for the best in life.

RUSSELL YOUNG

For an exposition of his skill turn to the service flag. "Rut," though bashful, is sure to be a success because he has full control of his will.

AUDIA WISE

Audia is one of those unfortunates who likes dancing, but she's popular, and the underclassmen regard her as a guide.

MARY ZEEK

Petite, vivacious and debonair. She makes a careful study of coiffure and style.

BERNICE WILBERN

Although Bernice has not been with us always she has won a place among us as a studious and industrious person.

THELMA ZERBE

"Betts" is a very pretty little miss, sometimes too brilliant for her age; we might say she is very fond of sailors.

SARAH YAGER

Sarah is a serious minded mademoiselle, but she is a dear and we predict that some knight will be caught by her web before long.

CHARLOTTE ZUTTER-
MEISTER

Charlotte—the little midget—how she does fidget, and we fear she is slipping through life at too merry a pace, but first there first served.

SENIORS





JAMES CRAVENS

James is positively a wonder and a most valuable addition to our class. He gave some of his time to Uncle Sam, which improves our opinion of him.

PAULINE GORDON

Has not Pauline proved her good taste by returning to K. H. S.? She is envied by many as a star among her fellow classmen.

TILLIE ROTMETZ

She is a happy person who has distinguished herself in character parts for the Ko-Hi Club.



SPORTS.



A Good Catch



'Center' Rush.



Yea Kokomo



Back Guards



Lucky 'Leven.



The Line Up.



Captains



Four Personals.



On the Bench.



Side Lines.

AUTOGRAPHS

Robert
Muselman.

Fortu-one

CLASS PROPHECY

FOUR O'CLOCK EDITION

Vol. XVII.

JANUARY 15, 1929

Number 5

MAKES INVESTMENT.

Old Courthouse Goes to Prominent Business Man.

One of the largest business deals in the history of Kokomo has just been completed. John Chestnut, through the real estate firm of Turley and Gullion, has become the owner of the old courthouse. Since Architect Russell Young promises that the new courthouse will be completed in a few weeks, Mr. Chestnut will soon take possession of the property and as soon as the old building is torn down, will erect an office building of the most modern type. The reporter was not able to secure an interview with Mr. Chestnut, but Miss Grace Findlay, his private secretary, said these were his plans.

BUSINESS WOMEN FORM AN ORGANIZATION

Some of the young women of Kokomo who are especially interested in the business world, have formed an organization for business women. Their first meeting was held at the home of Mary Wilhelm, who is chief secretary at the Haynes Automobile Co. The officers elected are as follows: President, Miss Margaret Ward, forewoman of the E. K. Todd Co., "Designers" store; vice-president, Edria Strafford, head bookkeeper in Kokomo Trust Co.; secretary and treasurer, Sarah Yager, owner of the "Kokomo Kandy Kitchen." The other members of the club are Maxine Woody and Marguerite Deering, partners in the dry goods business, "Woody & Deering"; Thelma Zerbe, Ruth Rarcy and Bernice Wilburn, of the American Printing Co., and Edna Reider and Margaret Puterbaugh, owners of the chain of United Five and Ten Cent stores.

IT IS HIGH



THAT YOU PATRONIZE THOSE THAT PATRONIZE US

PERSONALS.

Miss Flora Bell, traveling saleswoman for the firm of Hobbs and Preble, manufacturers of rubber rolling pins in Chicago, was in the city yesterday on business.

Misses Zazel Darrough and Merle Davenport left yesterday to begin the study of nursing in the Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis.

Miss Lyllia Pettiford is spending a few days visiting in Richmond.

Harold Winburn and Wm. Milton, partners in the clothing business at Peru, are in Kokomo on business.

Miss June Morris, prominent suffragist, will speak at the high school auditorium Monday evening.

Ardith Garner of Wabash is visiting at the home of Margaret Greeson, a well known music teacher. Miss Garner is assistant principal of the Wabash High School.

Miss Irene Belk, teacher of Latin in the Kokomo High School, is visiting her parents in Logansport.

The book, "The High School of the Past," by Helen Bateman and Ina Abney, is now on sale at all book stores.

POLITICAL FRAUD.

Huffman Ring Broken Up by Well Known Lawyer.

Longford Felske, prominent lawyer, today gave to the press the results of his investigations of the political ring that for several years has been a power in Kokomo. The ring has been behind the Postal Card Trust which now controls the sale of all post cards in Kokomo. The Huffman ring also stands for the public ownership of all confectionery stores. Russell Smith, the candidate for mayor, who has opposed the ring, will probably be elected if Mr. Felske's evidence is proved true. The ring believes that all billboards should be owned by the city. Mr. Huffman, leader of the ring, stands firmly by his party principles.

DANCE GIVEN BY BACHELOR'S CLUB.

The Bachelor's Club, for several years a prominent organization in Kokomo, gave a dance last evening to dedicate their new club rooms in the recently erected building on Main street, owned by Miss Mary Jane Zeck. The rooms were very beautifully decorated in Japanese style. The members of the club are Rudolph Obermyer, manager of the "Washington" movie house; Donald Shenk, prominent banker; Fred Butler and Dwight Priest, insurance men, and Quincy Carney, dry goods merchant. Millard Oaks, the president, said: "The purpose of this club is to keep together a few sensible men. We have lost only one of our members on account of marriage, said member being Richard Hiernaux."

NOTICE—All High School pupils wishing to be tutored in Latin call 370, Miss Pauline Gordon.

CLASS PROPHECY

CLASS PROPHECY

Beaverville, Indiana

Owner and Publisher - Mr. Will B. Bean

LETTER FROM MEMBER NOW IN CALIFORNIA

From California comes a letter from one of the members of the class of '19. The letter follows:

Dear Class of '19:

While you are holding the class reunion in Kokomo we who are members of the class will also be holding a reunion. Although we cannot be with you in body, our thoughts will be with the dear old class. We will celebrate at the home home of ernice Kirkman, Los Angeles, who is now leading lady for Kenneth Parsons, popular movie star. Mary Flora will talk about H. S. days. She and Jenuess Hatton now live in Pasadena. Esther Marr, Arminta Main and Gladys Watkins are now on the ocean, having left yesterday to spend a few months in Hawaii. The others who will be with us are: Elspeth Sutherland, now teaching in the southern part of the state; Lorena Stiffler, superintendent of an orphan home; Audia Wise, movie star at Universal City, and Lois Hollingsworth, who is engaged in raising bees on a ranch near here. My lifelong friend, Charlotte Zuttermister, and I are living in San Francisco. She is a librarian and I am a business woman.

All the members here wish me to express their good wishes to the members of the class of 1919 in Kokomo.

Sincerely,
MARY VORE.

**BUY YOUR SPRING
SUIT EARLY. THE LA-
TEST THING IN LADIES
READY-TO-WEAR.**

JAMES CRAVENS CO.

REUNION OF CLASS OF 1919.

The reunion of the class of 1919 was held at the beautiful home of Mildred Stahl, southwest of the city, yesterday. A bountiful dinner was served and toasts were made by Misses Dawn Parsons and Nina Bell Lang, Messrs. Gilbert Outland and Richard Patten. "Reminiscences" of H. S. days were given by Miss Wilma Shields. The class was very happily surprised when the former class advisor, Mr. McCarty, now professor at DePauw, came. Lulu Suter and Mable Phelps, who have been traveling in the Orient, gave interesting talks of their journeys.

Misses Esther Spraker and Edith Parsons gave some facts concerning their work in the devastated countries of Poland and Serbia. Ruby Alexander and Clara Parvis came from New York for the reunion. Alta Ravenscroft, Helen Divens, Y. W. C. A. worker in Armenia, were unable to be present. Arline Cook and Marie Britton, who are engaged in research work in Egypt, sent a letter of regret that they could not be present.

SHOWER IN HONOR OF BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Janice Brown gave a shower for Miss Miriam Hamilton in honor of her engagement to Mr. G. R. Beck. The shower was of kitchen utensils, and the guest of honor was seated on the floor and the gifts showered over her. Many seemed to think Miss Hamilton would need rolling pins, for she received quite a number. The guests, all popular society women, were Jessamine Clark, Dorothy Armstrong, Mary Lucile Piercy, Laverna Delo, Julia Arbuckle. Miss Ruth Spurgeon was an out-of-town guest from Indianapolis.

WANTED.

Three expert salesladies for the spring sale. Apply to the
"Designer's Store,"
130 N. Main St.

SOCIAL.

The reception given in honor of Miss Esther Finch, lately returned from studying the conditions in Europe, by Mrs. and Mrs. Harry Kendall, was an elaborate affair. Their beautiful country home was artistically decorated with roses and ferns from the Tiplady Flower Shop. Mrs. Kendall, the former Miss Mac Bair, graduated in the 1919 class, of which Janice Jones, noted author, was also a member. She entertained her guests royally. Interesting readings were given by Miss Mary Wolfe and the selections on the violin by Miss Mildred Seaward, accompanied by Miss Martha Trippecc, were very pleasing. Mrs. Kendall was honored by the presence of many distinguished guests. Miss Helen Laughlin, just returned from reconstruction work in France, and Admiral and Mrs. Miller, formerly Miss Thelma Fridlin, came from Chicago, especially for the occasion; Mr. Wm. Smisson, the famous politician; Mr. Earl Hawkins, formerly on the Harvard football team; Mr. W. R. Finch of the Finch Shoe Co.; Mr. Victor Davis, noted tramp sign-painter; Miss Joy Lockwood, first aviatrix to carry mail; Miss Mildred Parr, popular society woman, and Miss Christina Kinney, club woman, were among the guests.

Buy a Sargasso of
1929

Best Sargasso since
the one that made
the School famous in

1919

Filled with the spice
of H. S. life

• Summertime •



Home from Great Lakes.



• Caught •



• Careful •



Old Swimm'g Hole



• Marooned •



Edria



" Rosin - Becky - Vic - Phenie. "



A Native



Waiting for —.



Mermaids



Kid Days



JUNIORS

• Juniors •



• boy! •



Ain't we sweet?



Poor "Gene."



- Fudge -



Smiles



Helen.



• Triplets •



Posing



Good Morning.



"Lucile"

Junior Class Organization

President—CARL WEBSTER.

Vice-President—EDITH DUNCAN.

Treasurer—JOHN FRICKE.

Class Editor—BERNICE POWELL.

Faculty Advisor—HELEN ROSS.

MOTTO—Out of the harbor, into the sea.

COLORS—Maroon and silver.

Junior Class Poem

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
The story of my class so dear;
'Twas in the fall of nineteen-sixteen,
When we were first in the corridors seen;
We hardly knew just where to go,
We didn't ask any Seniors, though
They thought we were green and bashful, too.
I really don't think we were, do you?

Then next, of course, was our Sophomore year,
We went right through with never a fear,
And made good grades on every test.
Our teachers thought we were the best;
Now we're Juniors, yes, we are,
And we have gotten up this far
Without much trouble, and I guess
We'll go right on in K. H. S.
Till next, the fall of nineteen-nineteen,
Then we as Seniors will be seen,
Not pictured as Freshies four years ago
On a green painted fence sitting all in a row.

LUCILLE DURRER, 1920



Row 1—Walter Covall, Mildred Haskett, Hallie Davenport, Geneva Harbaugh, Frieda Kenworthy, Alberta Myers, Verneta Barngrover, Helen Hansell, Elizabeth Fisher, Genevieve Garrigus, Esther Carter.
 Row 2—Raymond Learner, Robert Briney, Shirley Chaffin, Eva Draper, Edith Duncan, Irene Coate, Claudia Fitzsimmons, Evelyn Honeywell, Lois Haworth, Lucile Durrer, Marjorie Garrigus.
 Row 3—Donald Irvin, Charles Harlan, Dorothy Dewese, Edith Dimmitt, Mary Davison, Wilna Cook, Esther Freeman, Bessie Hancock, Myrtle Lambert, Virginia Henry.
 Row 4—George Hartman, Jay Carney, Edith Fenn, Thelma Lett, Esther Frazee, Helen Kay, Ethel Hale, Pauline Hartman, Gladys Kinball, Rosamond Coles, Margaret McIntosh, Edna Haworth, Wilna Duncan, Nelda Jarvis.
 Row 5—Frank Castello, Ben Cooper, Justus Hunter, Clyde Hill, Clyde Basinger, Francis Dawson, Ralph Ehrman, Paul Haist, William Coughlan, Irvin Hollis, James Johnson, John Fricke, Paul Dufendach, Gerald Cue, Ross Havens, Dallas Andrews.



Row 1—Beatrice Webb, Mary Elizabeth McNutt, Nellie Minch, Dorothy Odom, Louise Smith, Margaret McIntosh, Geraldine Moore, Susanna Moore, Pauline Weger, Velma Keavis, Bernice Powell, Helen Hollowell, Beatrice Von Cannon.
 Row 2—Benlah McCully, Mary Shields, Lorena Obermeyer, Frances Watson, Wilma Shively, Ruth Showalter, Ruby Rakestraw, Grace Swinney, Ralph Ryan, Florence Sullivan, Beatrice Reed, Glen McClellan.
 Row 3—Emil Woolridge, Mildred Martin, Tillie Rotmetz, Gladys Poole, Martha Williams, Emma Stafford, Stewart Matlock, Carl Webster, Paul Mitchell, Victor Simmons.
 Row 4—Lucile Smith, Alice Stinger, Gladys Smith, Lillie Young, Omcr Willits, Eugene Parker, Arthur Young.
 Row 5—Madeline Wilson, Alberta Myers, Robert Myers, Ross Strcup, Fred Strcup, Albert Tucker, Fred Walton, Thurston Stedman, Kirk Thomas, Everett Reaback.

GIRLS

- Arrean Alcorn—Thou Sweetest Maiden.
 Verneta Barngrover—Little Bid for Sympathy.
 Geneva Battie—The Sparkle of My Lady's Eyes.
 Pearl Belk—I Love the Merry, Merry Sunshine.
 Esther Carter—Rippling Waters.
 Shirley Chaffin—Same Sort of Girl.
 Virginia Chancellor—An Echo of Her Smile.
 Irene Coate—You're Just too Sweet to Live.
 Rosemond Coles—Ah, this Heart with Joy is Bounding.
 Wilna Cook—Marriage Bells.
 Hallie Davenport—I Can Always Find a Little Sunshine.
 Mary Davison—Molly Dear, It's You I'm After.
 Eadythe Dimmitt—Sing, Smile, Slumber.
 Eva Draper—I'm So Busy.
 Edith Duncan—You'll Always be the Same Sweet Girl.
 Lucile Durrer—With Joy My Heart.
 Wilna Duncan—I'm Always Chasing Rainbows.
 Edith Fenn—Just as Your Mother Was.
 Elizabeth Fisher—Flirtation.
 Esther Frazee—Nothing's Good Enough For a Good Little Girl.
 Esther Freeman—Sunshine of Your Smile.
 Genevieve Garrigus—Sweet Genevieve.
 Marjorie Garrigus—Ragging the Seale.
 Ethel Hale—The Glad Girl.
 Bessie Hancock—Bonnie Sweet Bessie.
 Helen Hansell—Sad is That Woman's Lot.
 Geneva Harbaugh—Madam Butterfly.
 Pauline Hartman—Simplicity.
 Mildred Haskett—There is No Love Like Mine.
 Edna Haworth—Red Tu-Lip.
 Lois Haworth—Radiance in Your Eyes.
 Virginia Henry—I'm Longing for My Home Sweet Home.
 Helen Hollowell—My Heart Ever Faithful.
 Evelyn Honeywell—Watch, Hope and Wait, Little Girl.
 Nelda Jarvis—You're the Girl.
 Helen Kay—Kind and Gentle is She.
 Frieda Kenworthy—Oh, I want to be Good, but My Eyes Won't Let Me.
 Gladys Kimball—The Magic of You're Eyes.
 Myrtle Lambert—Some Day Somebody's Gonna Get You.
 Thelma Lett—Look in Her Eyes.
 Beulah McCully—Prithee Pretty Maiden.
 Harriet McNall—Dear Heart.
 Mary McNutt—Happy, That's All.
 Mildred Martin—The Girl Who Smiles.
 Nellie Minch—Flee as a Bird.
 Geraldine Moore—Leave Me to Languish.
 Susanna Moore—My Heart at Thy Sweet, Sweet Voice.
 Edwina Obenauer—Little Flatterer.
 Margaret McIntosh—Lady in Red.
 Dorothy Odom—Little Miss Springtime.
 Gladys Poole—Mighty Lak' a Rose.
 Bernice Powell—Just a Wearin' for You.
 Ruby Rakestraw—Little Pep.
 Velma Reavis—The Midnight Girl.
 Beatrice Reed—A Yankee Doodle Boy is Good Enough for Me.
 Tillie Rotmetz—Mocking Bird.
 Mary Shields—Only Girl.
 Wilma Shively—She Alone Charmeth My Sadness.
 Ruth Showalter—Summer Girl.
 Gladys Smith—Wondrous Eyes of Araby.
 Louise Smith—In the Evening By the Moonlight, Dear Louise.
 Lucille Smith—Beauty Shop.
 Emma Stafford—Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.
 Alice Stinger—Alice, I'm in Wonderland.
 Grace Sweeney—Oh, Joy! Oh, Rapture!
 Fanny Thomas—My Flower Garden Girl.
 Frances Watson—Wonderful Eyes.
 Pauline Weger—I'm Crazy about My Daddy.
 Martha Williams—You're a Grand Old Girl.
 Lillie Young—Lonesome Little Maid.
 B. Von Cannon—Oh, How that Woman Could Look!

BOYS

Dallas Andrews—I Ain't Got Weary Yet.

Earl Barnett—Now Command Me.

Robert Briney—Where's the Girl for Me.

Ben Copper—Long Boy.

William Coughlan—Papa's Darling.

Walter Covalt—When the Right Girl Comes Along.

Henry Crabb—When I was a Dreamer.

Gerald Cue—Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Girl.

Frances Dawson—Good-morrow, Good Lover.

Paul Dufendach—Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady.

Ralph Ehrman—Mr. Love Will Catch You Yet.

John Fricke—He Comes Up Smiling.

Clifford Gates—Such a Li'l Fellow.

Paul Haist—Sleepy Hollow.

Charles Harlin—I've a Cozy Little Cottage in the Country.

Geo. Hartman—Smiles.

Ross Havens—Keep You're Eye on the Girlie You Love.

Clyde Hill—Dreaming.

Irvin Hollis—He Will Always Remember the Little Things You Do.

Justus Hunter—Wedding Bells Will You Ever Ring for Me?

Donald Jervin—I'd Like to Wander Back Again to Kidland.

George Kemp—Goodbye, Girls, I'm Through.

Ray Learner—I'm Old Enough for a Little Lovin'.

Paul Mitchel—You've Got a Million Dollar Smile.

Stewart Matlock—The Little Ford Rambled Right Along.

Eugene Parker—Crimson Blushes.

Wilmer Parrish—Absent.

Everet Reabeck—Minstrel Boy.

Ralph Ryan—I'm a Twelve O'clock Fellow in a Nine O'clock Town.

Victor Simmons—You Never Can Be Too Sure About the Girls.

Thurston Stedman—Confidence.

Albert Tucker—They Always Pick on Me.

Ross Tudor—He's Doing His Bit for the Girls.

Fred Walton—Oh, How I Wish I Could Sleep.

Carl Webster—Happy, Though Married.

Robert Williams—They Didn't Believe Me.

Omer Willits—You're in Style When You Are Wearing a Smile.

Harold Winburn—I Am a Roamer Bold.

Conrad Wolfe—Nice and Easy.

Arthur Young—I Love a Lassie.



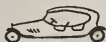
-Scientific Discovery-



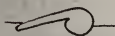
Two Owls



Long-ford



Busy Once



"phenie" at work



Chief Engineer



Delving.



Magnified Microbe



Radio



Ex-Ray



SOPHOMORE



Tom



Three Stories.



Labeled.



"A Rose"



Daffy Dozen.



Snapped-



"J."



Pensive



-Ballet-



Ishabel & Lady.

Organization of Sophomore Class

President—LENA ZEHRING.

Vice-President—RALPH UTTIS.

Secretary and Treasurer—VERA BARKER.

Class Editor—RUTH MCKORKLE.

Class Advisor—INEZ HOWARD.

CLASS MOTTO—Non Scholae sed vitae.

CLASS COLORS—Gold and Blue.

Class of '21

A wonderful class is our '21,
The students are filled with frolic and fun,
Our hopes are highest and our doubts are few,
K. H. S., we're all loyal to you!

We always laud dear K. H. S.,
And sing her praises loudest and best,
We personify all that's good and true,
And never speak 'gainst the red and blue.

Miss Howard's our class advisor loyal,
Who helps to plan our parties royal,
In promptness always we excel,
It's the road to success, we know quite well.

High hopes are in store for '21,
Perhaps they are highest under the sun;
Most students are bright, but none surpass
The ones in our own wonderful class!

R. MCKORKLE, '21.



Row 1—Jeanette Cochran, Gladys Cole, Bernice Anderson, Alice Cullnane, Jeanette Bowen, Ruth Heaton.

Row 2—George Houser, Opal Hollingsworth, Lucile Haligas, Ruth Faulkner, Winifred Dimmit, Minnie Havens, Emmeline Garbert, Mable Bache, Thelma Bowman, Alma Gollner.

Row 3—George Carr, Sylvia Hurwick, Marjorie Berry, Elizabeth Dillon, Ethel Addington, Ruth Davison, Grace Clark, Francis Hamilton, Loretta Reeves.

Row 4—Herbert Herzburg, Oris Hale, John Duke, Martin Kelley, Burl Farmer, Maynard Day, Clifford Gates.

Row 5—Omer Jester, Wilbur Clements, John Budd, Howard Cramer, Merle Hawk, Robert Haworth, Roscoe Dean, James Alcorn, David Delo.



Row 1—Myrpha Sanders, Edythe Shaw, Esther Mendenhall, Lulu Zehring, Beulah Ramseyer, Marguerite Wilhelm, Mildred Stout, Grace Simpson, Ruth Wilson.
 Row 2—Fay Overhort, Gertrude Ton, Florence Meyers, Frieda Wiles, Hazel Wright, Madaline Kinney, Mildred Spraker, Hazel Scherer, Miriam Miller.
 Row 3—Wayne Seaver, William Graham, Earl Colescott, Nina Bolinger, Harry Bartholomew, Walter Smith, Charley Saul, Ralph Saul, John Thompson, Ralph Uttis.
 Row 4—Elizabeth Purdum, Almeda Shelby, Mable Swem, Leota Smith, Emily March, Charlotte McCool, Earl Umbenhower.
 Row 5—Harry Trees, Harold Stevens, Alleen Boyer, Lela Shelby, Eva Mason, Ruth McKorkle.
 Row 6—John Kern, Cassandra McGraw, Miriam Shrock, Bertha Scott, Russel Rhodes, Ralph Myers.
 Row 7—Brice Williams, Fred Ryan, Don White, Marie Stewart, Ida Tweed, Naomi Ray, Wilfred Odum, Forest Moore, Lawrence Manning, Joe Valle.

Sophomore Orchestra

CONDUCTOR—MISS HOWARD

First Violins

Janette Bowen
Grace Clark
Alice Cullnane
William Graham
Cassandra McGaw
Grace Simpson
Marguerite Wilhelm
Lena Zehring
Lulu Zehring
Beulah Ramseyer
John Thompson
Naomi Ray
Miriam Miller

Cellos

Bernice Anderson
Mabel Bache
Thelma Bowman
Alleen Boyer
Gladys Cole
Ruth Davison
Dorothy DeWeese
Eve Greene
Herbert Herzberg
Pauline Jenkins
Martha McGowan
Fay Overholt
Bertha Scott

Clarinets

Harry Bartholomew
Pearl Compton
Elizabeth Dillon
Esther Duncan
Alma Gollner
Sylvia Hurwick
Miriam Schrock
Marie Stewart

Second Violins

Ethel Addington
Merton Baird
Nina Bolinger
Hazel Cannon
John Duke
Frances Hamilton
Ruth Heaton

Opal Hollingsworth
Sam McLaughlin
Florence Myers
Hazel Scherer
Mildred Spraker
Leota Smith

Bass Viols

John Budd
Frank Costello
Jeanette Cochran
David DeLo
Winfred Dimmit
Elden Graf
Nell Merrett
Herbert Morris
Beatrice Webb
Frieda Willes

French Horns

Wilber Clements
Burl Farmer
Minnie Havens
George Houser
Charlotte McCool
Esther Mendenhall
Nellie Miller
Wilfred Odom

Fifes

Veneta Kaufman
Madeline Kenny
Lawrence Manning
Naomi West
Hazel Wright
Fern Parsons
Gertrude Ton

Trombones

Oris Hale
Howard Miller
Forest More
Ralph Myers
Ruth Perrin
Willard Powell
Myrpha Sanders
Wayne Seaver
Lela Shelby

Drums

Ernest Hawkins
Russel Rhodes
Ralph Saul
Marion Slocum
Harold Stevens
Kirk Thomas
Donald Townsend
Almeda Shelby

Piano

Mildred Stout
Lucile Todd
Jane Waller

Cornets

Emmeline Garbert
Lucille Haligas
Merle Hawk
Ruth McKorkle
Emily March
Ida Louise Tweed

Tubas

Isabel Hamilton
Paul Nielander
Elizabeth Purdum
Charley Saul
Walter Smith
Mabel Swem
Fred Stroup
Ruth Wilson
Orville Smith

Bells

Maynard Day
John Kern
Joe Spurgeon
Harry Trees
Ralph Uitts
Joe Vaile
Corbin Vore
Don White

Cymbals

Vera Barker
Earl Colecott
Edythe Shaw



Rookies

FRESHMEN

- / Davis -

Freshmen.



Dogs



Geneva



Twins



Happy



Lovers



November Days



On the Sunny Side



Posing



Spring beauties



Some background.

Organization of 2B Class

President—THOMAS SELLERS.

Vice-President—DOROTHY NUTTER.

Secretary and Treasurer—EDWARD VAILE.

Editor—LENA WEITKNECHT.

COLORS—Cherry, Red and White.

MOTTO—Cherish the friends of your youth; for it is only in that generous time that they are formed.

2B Class Poem

'Tis just the funniest little class
That you may hope to see,
We are here and there and everywhere,
Busy you must agree.

We have our lessons perfectly,
So all our teachers say,
We work with quite an eagerness,
Throughout the live-long day.

You never see us chasing
Up and down the halls,
Because we know, too well we know,
It is against the laws.

We see a goal before us,
That helps us on our way,
We know we're going to reach it
On some far-off fine day.

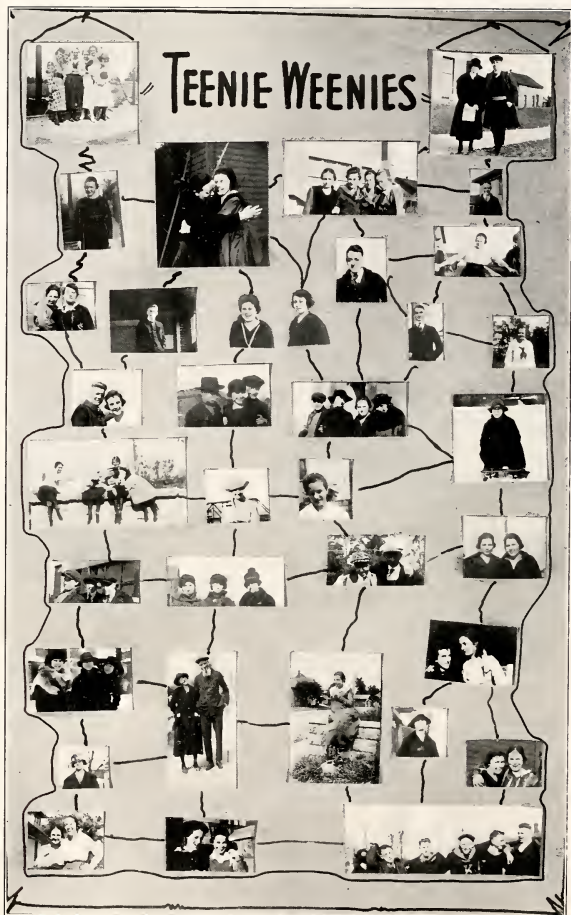
—LENA W., '22.



Row 1—Madaline Remy, Thelma Pauley, Dorothy Nutter, Virginia Armstrong, Bernice Myers, Lena Weitknecht, Vivienne Coburn, Helen Christison, Velma Ross.
 Row 2—Juanita Geiger, Martha Smith, Frances Mansfield, Geraldine Kelley, Mildred Devlin, Bernice Bridwell, William Easter, Eugene Neuman.
 Row 3—Martha Haley, Geneva Shrock, Marie Moorman, Annetta Burden, Jean Walker, Leona Watkins, Ralph McCain, Allen Culbertson, John Kirlin, Thomas Sellers, John McCleary.
 Row 4—James Johnson, Russell Hayes, Dan Armstrong, Edwin Kraper, Harold Wentz, Wilfred Bryant, Kenneth Snyder, Charles Ellis, Harold Summers, Edward Valle, Marion Schleiger, Robert McCoy, Kenneth Zerbe.

Hobbies

Dan Armstrong	Basket Ball
Virginia Armstrong	Reading Novels
Wilfred Bryant	Arguing
Bernice Bridwell	Eating
Annetta Burden	Sewing
Allen Culbertson	Being Tardy
Lurten Cunningham	Making War Gardens
Helen Christison	Going to Y. P. C. E.
Vivienne Coburn	Asking Questions
Lawrence Deardorff	Eating Candy
Mildred Develin	Writing "Koms"
William Easter	Writing Notes
Charles Ellis	Getting Algebra
Juanita Geiger	Dancing
Joe Hardy	Getting Latin
John Harter	Driving a Car
Russell Hayes	Studying
Martha Haley	Knitting
James Johnson	Going with Girls
Geraldine Kelley	Shopping
James Kerlin	Day-dreaming
Edein Kranier	Talking
Ralph McCain	Sleeping
John McCleary	Swimming
Robert McCoy	Going to Movies
Frances Mansfield	Raising Chickens
Bernice Meyers	Traveling
Eugene Neumann	Getting Canned
Dorothy Nutter	Breaking Hearts
Thelma Pauley	Going to Parties
Madeline Remy	Getting Dopes
Velma Ross	Singing
Marion Schleiger	Teasing Girls
Thomas Sellers	Having Dates
Kenneth Snyder	Writing Poems
Harold Somers	Playing the Piano
Martha Smith	Cooking
Geneva Schrock	Hula Dancing
Edward Vaile	Yelling at B. B. Games
Harold Wentz	Drawing Pictures
Jean Walker	Walking Through Halls
Leona Watkins	Flirting
Lena Weitknecht	Writing Stories
Kenneth Zerbe	Being Good
Robert Thomas	Being Idle



A Class Organization

President—MARJORIE ARNOLD.

Vice-President—FRED HUNT.

Secretary and Treasurer—RAYMOND BECRAFT.

Editor—HARRY WERBE.

FLOWER—Chrysanthemum.

COLORS—Khaki and Blue.

The Freshman

The Freshman's path seems weary and long

To the end of the four years' goal:

But since it is mingled with laughter and song,

It's not so bad on the whole.

So let us try never to shirk,

And carefully balance our time;

So much for play, so much for work,

Till we come to the end of the line.

The dignified Senior we'll keep full in view.

And by him duly model our acts;

Knowing full well that whatever we do,

We'll surely never grow lax.

The High School course is not a bit "blue,"

So the Seniors often say;

We are glad that instead of being all through

We've only started the play.

MARGARET KELLEY.



Row 1—Lois Duffendach, Lorraine Bell, Gladys Murray, Grace Brewster, Aileen Johnson, Pauline Derring, Cathryn Morgan, Irene Elmore,
 Freida Young.
 Row 2—Margaret Ault, Marjorie Haligas, Minnie Welcher, Doris Swain, Edmund Wolfe, Fred Eikenberry, Kent Beecher, Raymond Abney.
 Row 3—Gwendolyn McKay, Agnes Jones, Ruth Rayl, Francis Webb, Howard Snow, Donald Parvis, Fred Hunt, Alfredo Donnelly, Milo Miller,
 Merle Cook.
 Row 4—Ariel Dunlap, Wilberta Swift, Eleanor Thornborge, John Martin, Gayle Smith, Earl Short, Harold Johnson, Wilfred Bell, Harold Bennett.



Row 1—Francis Nicholson, Helen Shade, Kathryn Kling, Marie Oaks, Grace Delaughter, Marjorie Arnold, Margaret Kelly, Raymond Briney, Cedric Outland, David Parish.
 Row 2—Nellie Hoff, Margarite McCormick, Margaret Laughlin, Louise Brown, Althea Fitch, Alice Farmer, Mable Lines, Miriam Freeland, Philip Mohler, Odie Hale.
 Row 3—Gerald Tunnison, Ava Freeman, Barbara Garr, May Hawthorne, Eleanor Thorneburg, Ruth Davidson, Donald Raines, Harry Werbe.
 Row 4—Kenneth Gardner, Albert Saul, Bernett Clark, Ruth Tucker, Margaret Conkle, Bessie Poole, Charles Polk, Joe Wenger, Burt Webbers.
 Row 5—Wayne White, Paul Jones, Elmer Garbett, Alford Donnelly, Kenneth Williams, Herbert Young, Ethel Webb, Robert Musselman, Edith Winslow, Margaret McArdle, Harold Becker, Estel Duncan, Edward Stahl, Leland Johnson, Elden Ellenburger.

Fitting Phrases

Raymond Abney—Reckless Auldoff.
 Walter Ammerana—Witchy Ambrose.
 Margaret Ault—Marry All.
 Harold Barnett—Hopeless Barny.
 Harold Becker—How Bold.
 Kent Beecher—Kanu Beatit.
 Bessie Beets—Babbling Bessie.
 Lorraine Bell—Laughing Bauer.
 Wilfred Bell—Willing Bullie.
 Leslie Bailey—Loyal Booster.
 Howard Boulinger—Honest Boy.
 Grace Brewster—Grand Bragger.
 Raymond Briney—Regular Beau.
 Lorraine Britton—Lively Belle.
 Louise Brown—Lovely Brownie.
 Kathryn Cassman—Kan't Calculate.
 Bennett Clark—Baby Clark.
 Margaret Conkle—Maiden Comcly.
 Merle Cook—Merry Cookie.
 Raymond Cotterman—Rather Careless.
 Opal Dale—O Daughter.
 Violet Davenport—Very Docile.
 Alford Donnelly—After Dates.
 Aerial Dunlap—Ever Dutiful.
 Ruth Davidson—Rarely Daring.
 Russell Deering—Rarely Dating.
 Pauline Derring—Poor Darling.
 Grace Delaughter—Gay Deceiver.
 Lois Duffendach—Love Desired.
 Estel Duncan—Ever Deceiving.
 Fred Eikenberry—Fairly Eminent.
 Irene Elmore—Intellectually Energetic.
 Elden Ellenbarger—Ever Earnest.
 Alice Farmer—Active Fancy.
 Althea Fitch—Always Faithful.
 Puckett Foster—Prudence First.
 Miriam Freeland—Most Fastidious.
 Ava Freeman—Almost Fascinating.
 Elmer Garbett—Extremely Gracious.
 Barbara Garr—Bad Girl.
 Kenneth Gardner—Keen Gentleman.
 Francis Hale—Forever Happy.
 Odis Hale—Over Hilarious.
 Mac Hawthorne—Most Honorable.
 Ardith Havens—Admirable Habits.
 Fred Hunt—Forever Hopeless.
 Mary Hoof—Most Heartless.
 Cloyd Imbler—Can't Initiate.
 Aillen Johnson—Always Joshing.
 Leland Johnston—Loves Jokes.
 Agnes Jones—Amateur Jazzer.
 Paul Jones—Prancing Jester.
 Mildred Kelley—My Kandy Kid.
 Beulah Kirkendall—Budding Knowledge.
 Cathryine Kling—Cunning Kate.
 Margaret Laughlin—My Lady.
 Valeria Lawson—Vain Lady.
 Madeline Lewis—Most Lovely.
 Randal Lindlay—Ridiculous Laughter.

Mable Lines—Merry Laughter.
 Marguerite McCormick—Most Magnificent.
 Gwendolyn McKay—Gleeful Maiden.
 Margaret McArdle—Merry Maggie.
 John Martin—Just Melancholy.
 George Middleton—Glib Man.
 Philip Mohler—Poor Man.
 Milo Miller—Most Magnificent.
 Cathryn Morgan—Can't Memorize.
 Gladys Murray—Good Mademoiselle.
 Robert Musselman—Rushing Man.
 Francis Nicholson—Funny Nature.
 Marie Oaks—Mostly Oak.
 Justus Osborne—Just Off.
 Cedric Outland—Ced Out.
 Marion Owens—More Oats.
 David Parrish—Daring Pal.
 Donald Parvis—Darling Pagurian.
 Margaret Pickering—Most Pickish.
 Charles Polk—Clown Prince.
 Bessie Poole—Bantering Polly.
 Donald Raines—Darling Rabbit.
 Ruth Rayl—Reckless Rabdology.
 Cecil Rul—Can't Read.
 Beatrice Richison—Borrowing Riches.
 Madaline Ross—Most Rosy.
 Virginia Schaffer—Very Sarcastic.
 Helen Shade—How Sweet.
 Earl Short—Ever Sympathetic.
 Edward Showalter—Endeavoring Soldier.
 Robert Shrock—Reckless Shylock.
 Bessie Simpson—O Simpy.
 Otho Simpson—Bad Spills.
 Gayle Smith—Good Swapper.
 Howard Snow—How Sunny.
 Margaret Snyder—Making Smiles.
 William Spruce—Big Sport.
 Albert Saul—Always Shouting.
 Edward Stahl—Ever Steady.
 Doris Swain—Doing Swell.
 Wilburta Swift—Willing Saver.
 Mildred Thomas—Merry Thinker.
 Eleanor Thornburge—Ever Teasing.
 Ruth Tucker—Real Tawl.
 Gerald Tunnison—Good Tuner.
 Bernice Wiaver—Bally Worker.
 Ethel Webb—Ever Wise.
 Francis Webb—Fine Wool-gatherer.
 Joe Wenger—Just Waiting.
 Harry Werbe—How Witching.
 Minnie Welcher—Man Worrier.
 Wayne White—Willing Willy.
 Burt Weibers—Boisterous Weibe.
 Fred Willer—Reckless Without.
 Kenneth Williams—Conspicuous Willie.
 Edith Winslow—Enchanting Withall.
 Ed Wolf—Everlasting Worry.
 Freida Young—Floruis Youth.
 Herbert Young—Hopeless Youth.

Freshies

The hoots and jeers were falling fast,
When through the corridor there passed
A class of Freshies bold and free,
They were the class of '23.

Their brows were clear, their eyes beneath
Flashed like a sword drawn from the sheath,
The Juniors all were up a tree,
It was the class of '23.

"Try not to bluff," the Sophomores said,
"Your hazing is not far ahead."
"Oh come," Eickhoff said, "can't you see?"
It is my class of '23.

We make the wheels of H. S. Flash,
Ours is the class that has the dash;
And he who cometh now may see
The wonderful class of '23.

The Freshie Class of K. H. S.

Friendly toward everyone
Right cheerfully we go our way,
Earnestly our work is done,
Spending some time at play.
Happiness to others we shall bring,
Intermingling our voices as we sing,
Ever the songs of old K. H. S.

Crying the praises of our school far and wide,
Loudly proclaiming them with pride,
At last we are recognized,
Stars in our school's honor flag,
Sing then ye "Freshies," let not your songs or spirits drag.

B. RICHISON.

1-B CLASS



HISTORY

d. gans -



Row 1—Mary Ratcliff, May Miller, Frances Miedell, Delight Tate, Thelma Walters, Dorothy Tweed, Florence Rust, Olive Spangler.
 Row 2—Thelma Ray, Elmore Michall, Magnolia Smithreman.
 Row 3—Harry Kunitz, Ivan McCormal, Horace Seaman, Roy Woodward, John Pucket, John Spearman.
 Row 4—John Pyle, Joe Podmore, Howard Woodward, Clifford Metzic, Omer Ridnour, Fred Wilkins, Justus Osborne.



Row 1—Mary Havens, Alice Balfour, Margaret Garritson, Martha Heaton, Beatrice Armstrong, Beulah Cage, Bertha Thurston, Alpha Dare, Helen Kaiser, Harry Fawcett, Mary Ruchliff, Mabel Goss, Minnie Ellis, Arthur Ferriaday, Jane Buamberger, Queen Aikmen.
 Row 2—Theodore Brown, Albert Smith, Marquis Butler, Joe Brandon, John Packet, Vincent Guerin, Russell Burrows, Edward Channess, Okla Fawley.
 Row 3—Eileen Schaefer, John Pyle, Helen Brown, Elizabeth Ellis, Starrv Hunter, Georgeanna Jackson, Youtha Cotterman.
 Row 4—Walter Beatty, Clarence Cook, Roy Woodward, Paul Finley, Robert Hutchens, Zola Grcason, Hazel Aikmen, Brenda Haist, Walter Lan-
 termen, Joe Podmore, John Spearman, Ruth Cooprider, Gladys Faulkner, Cordella Houghland, Marie Largent, Thelma Ray.
 Row 5—Clifford Meatzie, Ray Green, Vincent Guerin, Earl Flemming, Cleo Fenstermaker, Kenneth Kreage, Paul Cash, Richard Finch, Ted An-
 derson, Magnolia Smitherman, Inez Hall, Olive Spangler.

MISCELLANEOUS



PAGES

- J. Davis -

- Bunches -



The Inseparables.



Smiling Trio.



Ye! Joke Eds.



Whose Turn Next?



Noon Loafers



Freshie & Senior.



Lined up



Everybody Smiled.



Quiet please smile.



Come on - get in.



LITERARY

Spring Fever

What makes you run away
From school in early May,
When you know you'd better stay?
The teacher well may say,
"Spring Fever."

What makes you want to go
Where soft cool breezes blow
And trees and violets grow,
When you know you ought to hoe?
"Spring Fever."

What makes you want to stray
Where the Wildcat winds its way
Through the hills of yellow clay,
Just to watch the fishes play?
"Spring Fever."

While the robin builds her nest,
And all nature works the best,
What makes you want to rest,
And rest, and rest, and rest?
"Spring Fever."

JOHN THOMPSON, '21.

Stonewall

"Behold the rugged peaks against the sky!
Their giant crags across the scene are flung.
The sturdy pines upon their heights now sigh
As songs of winds among their boughs are sung.
Oh, Stonewall, king of all the neighboring heights,
Thy lofty head in glory thou doth raise.
The eagle soars above thee in his flights,
And man doth sing thy everlasting praise.
So high above the evils of the earth,
Amidst the purity of Heaven's clear air,
And wise Creator willed to give thee birth,
Immune from pain and worldly toil and care.
Defies the ravages of time and tides
The granite of thy adamantine sides."

WILMA SHIELDS, '19.

The Haunted House in the Hollow

It was a dark and gloomy evening; all the boys were gathered round the campfire that now was only a bed of glowing coals. The surrounding trees cast weird shadows on the group. Just the time for ghost stories and so the scoutmaster began!

"While making a trip through the north woods last year I spent several days in a little village, Kent. The chief topic of conversation in the one small grocery store (the center of the social life) was that of 'The Haunted House in the Hollow.' It seems that a few years before a man and his wife had come to Kent and built a cabin in a secluded spot on a very lonely road about a mile from the village. One night, returning home in an angry mood, he stabbed his wife with a carving knife and then, overcome with horror at his nefarious crime, hanged himself with a rope fastened to an iron chain which hung in the attic. It was thought that his original plan had been to hide his crime by blowing up the house, as a charge of explosive was found in the cellar which was controlled by a clock set at the hour of twelve. But for some reason the charge did not explode and so the crime was discovered. Then soon after the ghosts began to walk. Now the murder had been committed on Hallow'e'en eve in the light of the full moon, so the ghostly visitation came only when the moon was full."

This story aroused in me a desire to spend a night in the house, and as it was the last of October the moon was full and I was almost sure of meeting the ghostly visitors.

I arrived at the desolate spot about sundown and after building a fire in the huge fire place I went to look at the sleeping rooms. The room I selected was furnished with a four-poster bed on which was the strangest mattress I ever saw. Instead of the accustomed blue and white the colors were red, blue and green.

About 9:30 I retired, first placing my watch and revolver on a shelf at the head of the bed.

At 12:00 I was awakened by a most peculiar noise. There was a most agonizing shriek ending in a groan—a loud ticking and then—silence.

After listening for several minutes I decided nothing more would happen and so lay back in bed. Hardly was this done when I heard a thud, another shriek and once more the loud ticking. I started to get out of bed when on the wall I saw a dark form. The ticking became louder and the dark form became that of a skeleton with uplifted hand clutching a knife. Then came another shriek and the ticking became almost unbearable. I reached for my revolver, to my chagrin it and the shelf on which it had been placed were not to be found. Next I heard the creaking of a rusty chain then again the loud ticking.

I seemed to be surrounded by unknown horrors—over my head the shrieks, thuds and creaking of chains; by the window the gurgle of someone choking; on the opposite wall the ghostly outline of the murderer and his victim, while beneath me was the loud ticking.

When morning came, after hours of agony for me, I determined to find the cause of the disturbance. This was the result of my investigation: the wild shriek which had awakened me was a screech owl that had made its home in the attic; the thud of a falling body was a cat in the house. The creaking chain was an iron clasp on the window shutter which had swayed in the wind. The dark form was the shadow of a tree and evidently the knife had been a gleam of moonlight. The skeleton was an old hoop skirt hanging on the wall. The gurgling was the sound of water overflowing from an old cistern. My watch and revolver were just where I had placed them but in my excitement I had looked on the wrong side of the bed. Everything explained, I was ready to return to the village and destroy the ghost story."

"But you haven't explained the cause of the loud ticking yet," said one small boy who was still shivering.

"O! yes, you remember I said the ticking came from under the bed and I described the loud colors of the mattress? Well, it was the bed ticking."

B. E., '22.

Seventy-seven

Letters Written by a Victim of the Flu

Dear Ellen:

Centerlockfield, Jan. 7, 1919.

Did you hear I was sick That's why I haven't been to school. The doctor told me I had the "flew," whatever that means. I always thought a flew was a part of a chimney, and I told him I didn't like the way he was slammin' me. Yes, I told him right out. Just think, he said I was mistaken, and that the flew was not a part of a chimney but a conflagrations disease. My! these doctors are smart fellows. They must know the dictionary by heart.

Well, Ellen, in the first place I was at school and I got kinda sick and dizzy so I went home. Mamma didn't think much was wrong, but O! Ellen, next morning, I thought I was dieing shure. They called the doctor and, of course, he said I had the flew. Mamma says it's plain grip, though. You see this is the first day she has let me sit up so I can't write much. She says tell your mother she says hello. Tell your Paul to write my Bill. Goodbye.

Yours iterneally,

VICTORIA.

Dear Ellen:

Centerlockfield, Pumpkinsville, Feb. 8, 1919.

Them flowers you sent me was just galorioous and thanks so much. But Ellen, I purfurs roses to sweat peas. But anyhow they'll do.

I'd a been back to school but I got up too soon and that doctor's nerve, he said I had a collapse. Now I didn't know what he mean't so I hunted it in the dictionary and it says, to fall down, to crumble, and break. Now isn't that a pretty way to talk to me when I ways 200½? And no signs of loosing any. He's the most impurtenant doctor I ever seen. One of these days I'm going to git a new doctor and then wont he be mad?

Bill says in his letter that he has gained some and ways 105. You know Bill, He's what you call a K. P. Guess it stands for Knights of Peace. How's your Paul? Hain't seen him since I got the Flew. Well, Ellen, guess I'd better go to sleep. This eatin and sleepin don't agree with me.

Yours furever,

VICTORIA.

Dear Ellen:

Centerlockfield, Pumkinsville, Feb. 19, 1919.

Just how is everthing coming? I hear some forty mischeivous kids got caught dancing in the oditorium. They shure must be having a time. How's Carl Webster and Myrtle? Do they still stand by Miss Loop's room between 6 & 7? I am nearly dieing to hear some skandul. Come out and tell me if there are any new cases of puppy-love, or any sick hearts, generally Freshies. You know one day some freshie put on my tablet "Yur most ardent Admirrор" and I never did know who he was. Say, I'll bet May B. and Mollie V. will be able to march correctly to the weddin' march, cause they practise it every day at 5-th on the arms of Earl T. and Vic Davis, using the winged womin as their altar. Does Harry Kendall still call every one laulegaggers when he's worse than anyone else? I never will furgot when Longiord F. told me he'd never be so silly as to get crazy over a girl. I think Mr. Wilson needs a chin prop to hold his head up while making his dainty speeches. I remember one time when he was as fussed as Garrett was when he said the team needed supporters. I must close now. Tell all the bunch I'll be back soon.

Yours with much luvе,

VICTORIA.

19 • SARGASSO • 19

Page from a Junior's Diary

JANUARY 1, 1919.

I'm disgusted with everything and everybody. There was the best show at the Paramount tonight, and oh, that wonderful jazz music! I was simply crazy to go; but because of a thoughtless blunder made at the supper table I was forced to remain at home. The worst part of it, two from my host of masculine admirers called and insisted on taking me, but Dad had said no, with a capital "n," when I had asked earlier in the evening to go. Tho' I exerted all my feminine powers of persuasion, even tears, his heart of stone could not be melted. Dad, when he has made up his mind, is as hard to move as the Rock of Gibraltar. Why had I let it slip at the supper table that we were to have a 3B Algebra test the next day? Henceforth such matters I will keep strictly to myself. Tho' I fretted and fumed, it was yours truly for a peaceful evening of undisturbed quiet. I was too angry to study, just sat there and made faces at the book, so I know I shan't know a thing more tomorrow than if I'd trotted off to the show and had a good time. Oh, well—I don't care, hope I do make a disgraceful grade. I'll flash it in Dad's face and just show him how much good it did to keep me home.

JANUARY 2.

I know I flunked flat on that Algebra test this morning. We had Convo this morning with first period out, so I marched to class second period, my mind a perfect blank as far as any knowledge of Algebra was concerned. I had intended to glance thru my book in Convo, but the orchestra played a good part of the period and I just couldn't make square roots, etc., harmonize with those melodious strains, and then we gave some yells, so it was no use. I came out of Algebra class feeling ten years older. The test was something fierce. Mr. Hinshaw took the names of those wishing to take solid Geometry next half, and you can better believe mine wasn't among those present. If I ever get thru this stuff I'm off for life with everything even remotely related to Math. Mr. Hinshaw tried to make the ones who hadn't signed up feel foolish, by telling those that had, to be sure to take out some life insurance before the beginning of the term, but under no circumstances to let the fact that they were going to take Solid be known to the company. After class, because I felt a little weak, I took my time about getting down stairs; and then when someone informed me that my nose was shiny, I rushed downstairs to the mirror to powder it. When I came up the halls were practically deserted, but I made a mad dash in the direction of 200 in hopes of reaching it before the bell rang. I might as well have spared myself the effort, however, for I just got to the door when—oh, that hateful bell; why couldn't it have waited a second longer? Allan Knapp, sitting by the door, began to laugh. Yes, Allan himself gets into trouble enough to appreciate fully my predicament. When I finally gathered enough nerve to march into the office, I tried to appear calm and unruffled. I had been tardy just a few days before and wasn't anxious to appear again so soon for the same reason. Mr. Hinshaw seemed to be in an extraordinarily good humor. My, I hated to be the one to cloud that smile! To my astonishment he wrote me out a slip without much question, so I joyfully thanked him and made my escape. As soon as I reached the assembly Wilma Duncan wrote me a note and asked me why I was late. I hurriedly scribbled a reply and threw it back to her. When I turned around Mr. Woody was coming straight toward me. I was certain by the look in his eye that he had seen me, so I began studying as hard as I could, but back he came as fate would have it and stopped by my seat. He glanced sharply down at me and said: "Is that all you have to do?" I didn't intend to be insolent, but Marjorie, who was sitting with me, punched me and I laughed right in his face. Then before I could reply he had ordered me to the office to see if I could arrange my course, so that I would have sufficient work to keep me busy. My heart sank, twice in one period. Without a word I obediently picked up my books and made my way out of the assembly, amid the snickers of my more fortunate fellow students. I will not attempt to repeat the lengthy conversation Prof. Hinshaw and I had during the next two periods, for the sooner it is forgotten the more pleasant my state of mind will be. Suffice to say, I came out a much wiser girl. I learned that girls who were continuously tardy, and spent their time writing notes were a detriment to the High School. Also that aforesaid girls never made a success in future life unless they mended their ways. Tomorrow starts a day of reformation in my daily life. I shall never again be tardy and if I do ever write another note, I'll be mighty careful that the teacher doesn't catch me.

EDNA HAWORTH.

Welcome Given New Teachers

Now teaching school in Kokomo, has long been thought, I'm sure,
A very good beginning place, a better to secure.
Some folks have gone to Washington to work for Uncle Sam,
An' some have joined the army and will give the Hun a slam.
And some of them have married been, and some, gone into law,
And some have left, because a higher salary they saw.
But where so e'er they are, they'd better know what they're about,
For they'll wish that they were back here, if they don't watch out.

This year there's nine new teachers, come to our school to stay;
To make the scholars wiser, and to drive mistakes away,
To teach 'em Math, and parlez vous and history and gym,
Commercial, botany and shop, and make 'em sing with vim.
And all us other teachers hope, when this term's work is done,
That we will be acquainted, and we'll have the mostest fun.
So we're on our good behavior and we'll never fuss nor pout,
For we're 'fraid that you might leave us if we don't watch out.

We hope you'll like our building, which is new and quite complete,
That you will like the boys and girls so manly and so sweet.
Of course, there are some frisky ones, but what would this world be
Without some jolly youngsters round, so bubbling o'er with glee?
You'll like our Superintendent well, our Mr. Haworth kind,
And Mr. Hinshaw also is a man to suit our mind,
So put away all sadness, and put homesick thoughts to rout,
And soon we'll all be home folks, if we'll all watch out.

You Inez and Virginia came sometime last year, I guess.
An' you and Cressy Thomas all belong to K. H. S.
So since we've known and loved you in the days we've met before,
We hope to know you better, and to love you more and more.
Mr. Fleenor, Mr. Knepper, you who have so lately come,
Who works at Manual training, where the wheels go hum.
We hope that you'll not leave us, but we say it with some doubt,
For Uncle Sam will get you if we don't watch out.

Miss Gauze and Mrs. Allee, we've a welcome here for you,
For Mesdames Conn and Eikenberry and for Mr. Wilson, too,
For Mr. Balcom, also, our new military man
Who makes the boys go double quick and drill the best they can.
In short to all of you we give a hearty welcome true.
We hope that you will like us, and the work you've come to do.
That you will be so happy here, that you will just about
Want to stay on forever, if you don't watch out.

A. B. W.

Bobbie Alias Cupid

As Bobbie came slowly around the corner of the porch he saw to his delight a beautiful big collie lying on the lawn. Now Bobbie was running away and he had not the slightest idea who lived in the big house; but the dog, blinking sleepily in the sun, looked as if he would make a fine playfellow.

"Tum here, doggie," invited Bobbie in his baby voice, as he toddled toward the spot where the dog lay. But just at that instant a clear high voice called from the shaded porch:

"Come, Jack, come here, sir," and the big dog bounded up the steps. At the loss of his expected playmate, Bobbie began to cry lustily. Evidently aroused by his sobs a lady came down the steps. She was the most beautiful young lady Bobbie had ever seen. She had big brown eyes and light hair.

"What is the matter, little boy?" she asked.

"You took my doggie," sobbed Bobbie.

"Well, I'm sorry. Perhaps he will come back and play with you. What is your name, dear?"

"Wobert Lewis."

Robert Lewis!! Oh, the heart-breaking memories that name recalled to Margaret Cameron. And yet how many happy moments it also brought to her mind. How clearly she remembered the deep brown eyes and tall, athletic figure of Bob Lewis! What a silly quarrel had separated them five years ago. Each had been too proud to be the first to speak. He had gone on a trip to the Orient and she had not heard anything about him since. Could it be—? The thought came to her with a shock. Oh, no, surely not, and yet it must be. He had married and this was his little son.

"Where do you live, Bobbie?" Margaret asked.

"Oh, over that way," he answered vaguely, pointing toward the lake. "Say, will you take me home? I'm getting hungry."

"But I don't know where you live."

"Well, let's just walk that way and when we see my house I'll know it. Pwease go with me."

She yielded to the insistent tuggings of the little hand and followed Bobbie down the shady path leading to the beach. In the midst of the forest Margaret saw coming toward them a tall young man in white flannels. As Bobbie and she approached she saw him stop and then come forward eagerly, with a glad smile of recognition. Margaret halted abruptly and all the color left her cheeks.

"Margaret," softly called the young man with a voice full of happiness.

"Oh helwo," said Bobbie, "are you tumming after me? Well, you don't need to, 'cause my pwetty wady is taking me home."

"Yes, Mr. Lewis, Bobbie wandered into our yard, and I was bringing him part of the way. I am glad you have come for him. Goodbye," and turning, she walked rapidly away.

Margaret stumbled blindly down the path. The hot tears filled her eyes. Oh, why did she have to meet him again? The love she had thought dead had all come surging back again. She dropped wearily on a log and buried her face in her hands. A quick, hurried step sounded on the pathway. Then someone sat down beside her, an arm stole 'round her waist and her head was drawn down on a wide shoulder.

"There, dear little girl, cry all you want to," said a soothing, masculine voice.

Margaret sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing with anger.

"How dare you, Bob Lewis?"

"Oh, my dear, don't bring up the old differences. Let us be happy once more. Darling, if you only knew how I have wanted you all these years."

"Yes, so it would seem," she replied scornfully. "Go back to Bobbie and your wife."

"My wife! What do you mean?"

"Just that: Bobbie said his name was Robert Lewis.

"Well, so it is. Oh, you darling goose. Bobbie is my namesake, my brother's child."

"And you are not married?" hopefully.

"Of course not. Do you think I would marry anyone else when there was a chance to marry you? Next week, however, I do intend to marry. Do you suppose that we could plan to be married at the same place at the same time and to each other?"

"Perhaps that could be arranged," Margaret answered, contentedly, and again her head rested on a broad shoulder and an arm stole 'round her.

Not ten feet away Bobbie gazed solemnly at the "pwetty wady" and his Uncle Robert.

—H. L., '19.

Of Notes

(With apologies to Bacon.)

Notes serve for delight, for prowess, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in slipping one over on the teacher; for prowess is in creating the most disturbance with your slight of hand in escaping detection; and for ability, is in the art of knowing how to throw them. For expert pupils can manipulate the throwing of a note well, and escape being caught, but the awkward miscreant is observed, and the plot and contents of the note aired; the writer is canned unceremoniously. To spend too much time on studies is sloth; and the student who can successfully transport the wad of paper half way across the room while the teacher is lecturing some culprit on gum chewing or evicting a dog from the assembly, is regarded by his co-prisoners with humor and relief for having broken the monotony of the study room. Notes are perfected by experience, and you soon learn that the safest path lies in writing your note in shorthand or French, thus keeping the teacher in charge from understanding. For though he be a Commercial or French teacher and do gallantly attempt the translation, being learned in the art, he cannot make head nor tail of your attempt any way.

Teachers condemn notes; Freshies admire them and regard them askance; and Seniors use them to the end of relieving their mind about the dance the night before, the Freshie class social, or how hard the latest history test was. There are two classes of notes, the essential, and the non-essential. The teachers regard notes during class on speeches, hard subjects, etc., as essential and personals otherwise. The students contend reversely, and risk shooting notes even though the inevitable end of a morning in room 206 is the penalty. Personal notes may be divided into two classes, those written by boys, and those by girls. Boys write about various things, those written to girls being perhaps the most interesting. A girl writes about—Heaven only knows what; the mere term "note" fails to convey even the slightest idea of the contents of a girl's missive. Writing notes in a class on speeches, etc., is well for intellectual purposes, and the writing of them improves the penmanship; walking back to the dictionary and dropping personals on the intended's desk is good exercise; shooting a splendid diversion, and an even better way of getting canned from the assembly. So, if a student's wit be wandering, let him write notes, for in demonstrations if his aim be averted never so little, he is found out, sent to the office, and must begin again next term. If his notes be not apt to find their mark, the intended recipient, let him study the ceiling or his lessons with a blank expression, for the teacher will never suspect. If he be not apt to throw off suspicion, then let him refrain from the temptation of throwing, for, for every defect of aim, teachers may have a special reception for the perpetrator.

CLARA PARVIS.



DRAMA



Fanny and the Servant Problem

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Fanny	Thelma Fridlin
Vernon Wetherell, Lord Bantock	Harry Kendall
Martin Bennett, Butler	Earl Todd
Susanna Bennett, Housekeeper	Martha Trippeer
Jane Bennett, Lady's Maid	Grace Findlay
Ernest Bennett, Second Footman	Richard Patten
Honoraria Bennett, Maid	Janice Jones
The Misses Wetherell, Maiden Aunts.....	Joy Lockwood, Bernice Kirkman
Dr. Freemantle, Family Physician	Gilbert Outland
George P. Newte, her Former Manager	Victor Davis

"OUR EMPIRE."

England	Helen Laughlin
Scotland	LaVerna DeLo
Ireland	Esther Finch
Wales	Mary Vore
Canada	Mae Bair
Australia	Tillie Rotmetz
New Zealand	Jessamine Clarke
Africa	Miriam Hamilton
India	Dorothy Armstrong
Newfoundland	Mildred Parr
Malay Archipelago	June Morris
Straits Settlements	Audia Wise

SYNOPSIS.

"Fanny and the Servant Problem," the clever drama of Jerome K. Jerome, was chosen for the Senior class play, which was presented May 7.

The play deals with the complications arising from the marriage of Lord Bantock to a music hall singer. She thinks he is an artist and he does not inquire closely into her lineage. When they arrive from the honeymoon, Fanny finds herself the mistress of Bantock Hall and twenty-three servants, all of whom are her near relatives. She had gone on the stage to escape from her dependence upon them. As they are old servants, devoted to the dignity of the family they attempt to fit Fanny for her new position. She finds herself in the dilemma of taking orders from her own servants, or dismissing the whole twenty-three and revealing her relationship to them. At a crisis she chooses the latter, becomes for once the real mistress of the Hall and then declares herself ready to return to the stage. She does not, however, as her love for her husband triumphs. The servants return submissive and peace and happiness reign.





SOCIETY

Freshmen Class Party

The 1A class gave a party at the home of Helen Christison, February 21. It was very well attended. Music and games were the enjoyments of the evening. All departed at a late hour.

Class of '19 Annual Picnic

The Class of 1919 gave their annual picnic at Pike Creek Falls on June 5, 1918. A jolly crowd motored over with lunch baskets brimming and their hearts and heads set for one good time. For who could want better amusements than swimming and boating? Reluctantly they came home, but happy over the opportunity of having one more such gathering before the close of their high school life.

Freshmen Class Party

On Friday evening, March 28, 1919, the Freshman were initiated into the art of giving a class party. This affair, which was largely attended, was held at Jane Baumberger's on S. Washington street. The entertainment of the evening was a mock wedding, in which Helen Brown was the bride, and a midget dance given by Martha Heaton and Starley Hunter. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were plentifully enjoyed by a few.

Junior-Senior Reception '18

In harmony with the spirit of the times, the Junior class of 1919 gave an informal patriotic reception in honor of the graduating class of '18. The front hall of the main floor was converted into a bower of greenery, made artistic with palms, lamps and wicker furniture. In addition to this the auditorium was patriotically decorated with flags, and crepe streamers of red and white, the 1918 class colors, formed a canopy overhead.

The class officers formed the receiving line and cordially greeted the guests as they entered the auditorium.

The program carried out the colors of the guests of honor. Each number afforded the audience much pleasure. The central feature of the program, however, was a play given by members of the Junior class.

Welcome	Harry Kendall
The Army	C. E. Hinshaw
Aviation	Charles N. Smith
Red Cross	Miss Helen Ross
Our Navy	C. V. Haworth

MRS. EASYMAN'S NIECE.

Mr. Stephen Easyman, a Wealthy Broker.....	Earl Todd
Mr. Carew Carlton, his Nephew.....	Cloyd Schlieger
Mr. Tom Ashleigh	Richard Patten
Jackson, a Servant.....	Dwight Priest
Mr. Sharpe, a Detective.....	Dwight Priest
Michael Flynn	Victor Davis
Miss Judith Carrol, a Maiden Aunt.....	Mary Vore
Mrs. Easyman	Thelma Fridlin
Bessie Carrol	Miriam Hamilton
Desdemona	Helen Laughlin

Between acts a musical program was given composed of the following numbers:

Knitting	Mrs. J. C. Canfield
Nymphs and Fawns.....	Mrs. Earl Barnes
I Feel Thine Angel Wings.....	Mr. and Mrs. Wattles

Following the program conservation refreshments of punch and wafers were served, after which the guests mingled informally, enjoying the simplicity of the whole occasion.

Sophomore Class Party

The members of the Sophomore class were entertained at the home of Ruth Faulkner, 611 S. Webster street, Friday, March 28. Music, dancing and games were enjoyed by all present. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served at the close of the evening.

Senior Weenie Roast

What more fun could be desired than a Senior weenie roast, with loads of eats and a big blazing fire? Such was the first reunion* of the Senior class held at the home of Christine Kinney, one frosty night in September. The Seniors fearing lest the quietude of the countryside be disturbed came home early to peaceful slumbers.

The Teachers Party

You say, "do teachers have parties?" Well, they do, and very lovely ones at that. To start the season the teachers longest in the service gave a pretty dinner party for the new teachers, at the home of Miss Martz. The party was in honor of Riley's birthday and the place cards and decorations suited accordingly. An enjoyable program followed the meal and the remainder of the evening was spent informally.

Junior Weenie Roast

The Juniors held a weenie roast at Bon Air Park on September 25. A roaring fire and good eats set the background for a jolly time and the Juniors certainly made the most of it. They came home early and finished the evening at a movie.

Sophomore Weenie Roast

On October 11, the Sophomores had a weenie roast, too, and a jolly good time. Wayne Seaver did the honors of host at his home west of Kokomo. The eats were especially good. Games occupied the evening and the bunch returned home late.

1A Class Parties

A 1A class social was held at the home of James Johnson, on September 8, 1918. The evening was spent in music and games.

The 1A's gave a spread at the home of Miss Virginia McCune on November 8, 1918. The attendance was large. The evening was spent in music, games and contests. Virginia Armstrong won the prize in one contest.

Junior Class Play

January 31 a merry crowd of Juniors and friends were entertained at the home of Madeline Wilson. Dancing afforded the chief entertainment of the evening. Refreshments were served and the guests departed at a late hour.

The Ko-Hi Club

The Ko-Hi Club has done much to keep school "spirit" alive since the beginning of the organization. One of the chief aims of the club is to make girls, new to the school, feel welcome and at home in their surroundings.

The Glee Club has put on many music programs at convocations, which have been greatly enjoyed. At Christmas a clever playlet was given and funds were also raised in order that baskets might be filled and sent to the poor and needy.

Much of the success of the organization is due to Miss Farlow and Miss Jones, who have been the chief supervisors and advisers to the club. Miriam Hamilton has admirably filled the place of president for the past year and the girls as a whole deserve much credit for the success with which the club has met.



Music

K. H. S. Orchestra

The orchestra has grown under many difficulties this year. The changing of supervisors made it impossible to get started as soon as usual but we feel that we have made up for lost time through the competent leadership of Miss Helen Gause, who came to us very highly recommended, and has proven herself not only competent but very popular with the students who have learned to know her and we sincerely hope she will return to us next year. We have every reason to feel that the orchestra next year will be one of the best Kokomo High School has ever had.

Orchestra

Piano

Martha Trippeer

Violins

William Graham

Edwin Wolfe

Ethel Hale

Mary Flora

Nina Lang

Leland Johnson

Burt Wiebers

Edward Stahl

Nellie Fye

Clarinets

Edward Vaile

Wayne White

Saxophone

Glenwood Arnold

Paul Brannon

Cornet

Marion Slocum

Trombone

Gerald Cue

Fred Walton

Bass

Angus Waller

Frank Sweigart

Bells

Kenneth Snyder

Drums

Ross Havens

Donald Priest

Music History Class

A musical history class of twelve members has been organized for the purpose of studying the origin and progress of music. Cook's "History of Music" is the text book. The students have become familiar with the lives of famous musicians and have learned their works. By the use of Victrola records the pupils have learned to recognize the various compositions.

K. H. S. Chorus

The High School Chorus, also under the supervision of Miss Gause, has proved itself worthy of much praise. Its appearance on convocation programs has been enjoyed by the student body. Plans are being made for an operetta to be given before the close of school if a convenient date can be found; as yet the operetta has not been chosen definitely, but a great treat is in store for Kokomo High School and patrons in the near future. The chorus has done splendid work and those who have taken the work will never regret it. It is not only instructive but a pleasure.

Two chorus classes, two periods each week.

Ruby Alexander	Florence Kendall
Queenia Aikman	Myrtle Lambert
Geneva Battie	Marie Largent
Vaneta Barngrover	June Morris
Raymond Briney	Mary Miller
Russel Burrows	Alberta Myers
Wilma Duncan	Bernice Myers
Alfred Donnely	Marie Oaks
Lucille Doer	Dorothy Odem
Hallie Davenport	Gladys Poole
LaVerna DeLo	Beatrice Reed
Elizabeth Fisher	Beatrice Richardson
Mary Fye	Tillie Rotmetz
William Graham	Ema Stafford
Starley Hunter	Kenneth Snyder
Adelaide Higgins	Lucille Smith
Ervin Hollis	Florence Sullivan
Minnie Havens	Martha Trippeir
Helen Hollowell	Margaret Ward
Frances Hale	Jane Waller
Edna Haworth	Angus Waller
Georgianna Jackson	Pauline Wegger
Nelda Jarvis	Minie Welcher

High School Songs

(Tune—Cheer Up, Mary.)

Hard luck, don't be sighing, sighing, sighing,
It's a shame to take the game.
We don't care how hard you're trying, trying,
We will win out just the same.
Don't you hear the crowd a-cheering, cheering,
For the gallant team? Yes! Yes!
Never fear, victory's near
For the dear old K. H. S.

(Tune—On Wisconsin.)

Yea, for Kokomo! Yea, for Kokomo!
Dear old Red and Blue.
We, your sons and daughters, love you,
Our loyalty is true.
Yea, for Kokomo! Yea, for Kokomo!
Bring fame to her name,
Fight, fellows, fight, fight, fight.
We love her name.
Hurrah for Kokomo, hurrah for Kokomo!
Dear old K. H. S.
Drop the ball right in the basket,
Do your level best.
Hurrah for Kokomo, hurrah for Kokomo!
We'll fight for her fame.
Fight, fellows, fight, fight, fight,
And win this game.

(Tune—Joan of Arc.)

K. H. S.—K. H. S., you're the best in the state, well I guess!
Don't you hear the crowd a-cheering you?
Can't you see that victory's nearing you?
Dear old team—Dear old team—we are all with you tonight.
So lead us on to victory,
Hurry up, fellows, fight! fight! fight!
High School will shine tonight,
High School will shine,
We'll shine with beauty bright,
All down the line.
We'll all be out tonight,
And that's a good sign,
When the sun goes down and the moon comes up,
High School will shine.



ATHLETICS

- Via. Davis -



Track 1918

The spring of 1918 came round and found only two letter men on Kokomo's track team. For this reason Coach Hanson had to accomplish great ends to keep Kokomo in the running.

Thrice did we try to pull the County meet and thrice did the weather man prohibit it.

On this account we had to enter the Wabash Valley meet with our men untried in battle. In this meet we had to compete with Rochester, Huntington, Peru and Logansport. This being our first year in this conference we boast of capturing third honors. In this meet Percy and Ashley starred for Kokomo. Kokomo got 22 points while Rochester won with 58 points.

May 18th, we journeyed to Anderson to compete in the district meet. Kokomo showed well, getting 32 points against 48 points made by Anderson. In this meet all men gaining first, second or third honors not only helped to win the meet but also gained entry to the state meet held at Stuart field May 25. Percy, Ashley, Douglas, Barnes Van Sickle and Beck were the men from Kokomo who gained entry at the state meet.

The state meet the following week was very hotly contested. The mile record held by Trotter, of North Salem, was lowered by Trotter himself. Rochester won this meet, while both Tech. and Manual, of Indianapolis, were well up in the scoring of honors. Percy was the only Kokomo man to score; he won second in both the hundred and two hundred and twenty yard dashes.

The Kokomo High School track team of 1918 was composed of the following men: Percy, '19; Cunningham, a Freshman; Beck, '19; Houser, '21; Winburn, '19; Barnes, '20; Ashley, '18; Douglas, '18. Percy being one of the old stars was elected captain for '19. Kokomo has one point to her advantage in the present team, that is the fact that nearly all her team are under classmen.

Here's hoping for a successful 1919 season.

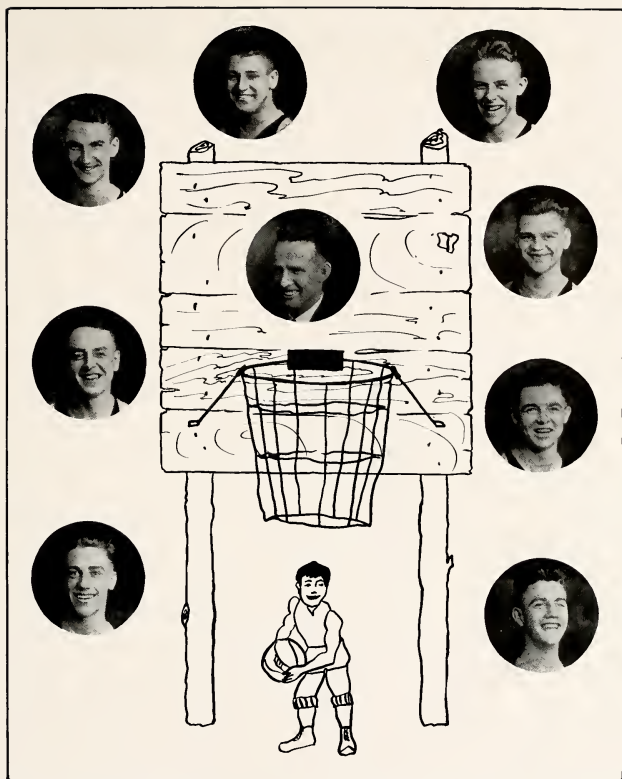
INDIVIDUAL SCORE.

	Wabash Valley Meet	District	State
Percy (Captain)	8	12	6
Ashley	10	10	
Douglas	$\frac{1}{2}$	3	
Beck	$\frac{1}{2}$	4	
Barnes		3	
Van Sickle	3	4	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	22	36	6

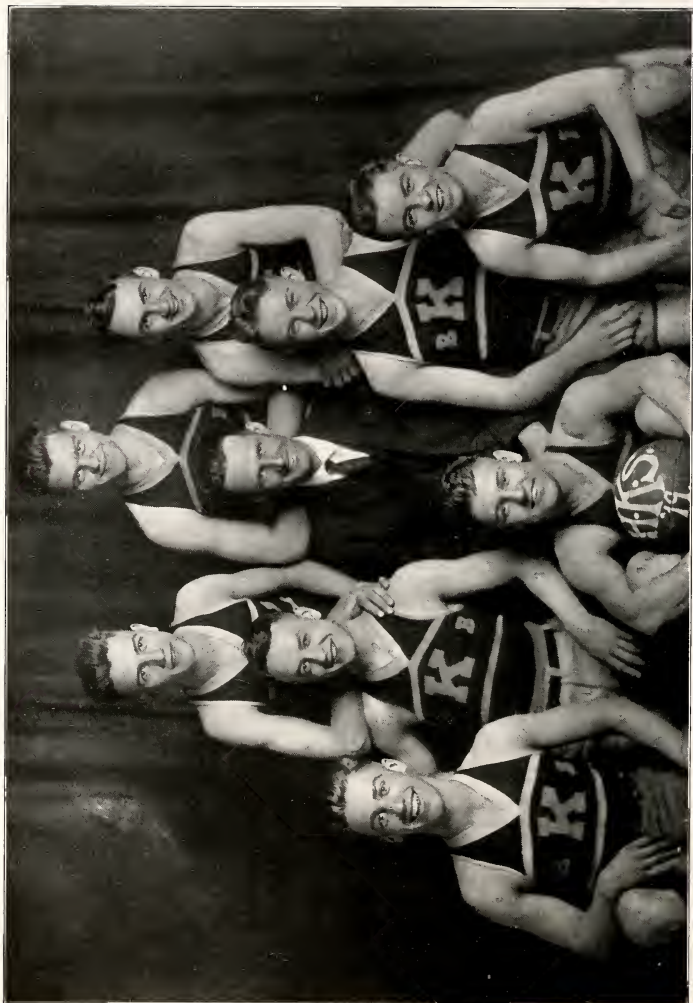
Our Team

S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-Bang! Kokomo!
Then into the air the ball does go,
The team comes out all in a line,
And every player is looking fine,
Ready to do a swell night's work,
Never from K. H. S. to shirk.
First the ball's at the wrong end,
Then our players get it penned,
And right into the net it goes,
Which sure puts "Vic" on the tips of his toes.
For then is when we start to yell,
And when we'll stop you cannot tell,
'Cause we could yell the whole night long,
Or merrily sing our High School Song.
There's our noble Captain Beck,
Without him our team would be a wreck.
And Hawkins as center cannot be beat,
He sure keeps the crowd upon their feet.
Parker's our guard and he's no fake,
For the opposing teams few baskets make.,
Todd is back from Kalamazoo,
And got right in on our team, too,
He'd stayed as long as he could, I guess,
But we're not sorry, nevertheless.
Then there's Young and Houser, both you know,
As forwards they are one grand show.
Dan Armstrong is our new man's name,
In basket ball he's just won fame.
Our Mr. Lindley is first-rate,
He brings the boys right up-to-date.
Oh, I forgot to mention our "subs"!
We don't regard them as just mere scrubs,
For Earnest and "Bob," no matter what,
Whenever they're called they're right on the spot
Now can you wonder why that we
Such sport in basket ball do see?
We all sure go, the teachers, too,
And wear our colors, Red and Blue.

LAUCILLE DURRER—1920.



BASKET BALL



Basket Ball

As the season for basket ball rolled round Kokomo took a look at her tossers. We found Beck the only letter man on the team but had some very promising material with which to work. We had a giant named Hawkins, to play center; Young, a lengthy youth, landed the position of foreward, with Beck holding the other. Haworth and Parker started the season as guards. Houser played his first game with the seconds, but Lindley saw what was in him and immediately put him on the first team. On December sixth Earl Todd, star back guard on last year's five, rolled into our fair city and came down the same night to see Martinsville defeat us. When the returns from the first semester's grades were received Armstrong came on the team, thus completing our line up.

On November fifteenth, Kokomo opened the season, playing Frankfort on our floor. School had been closed a great deal on account of the "flu," therefore our team showed a great lack of practice. This game was won by us by a score of 11-9. The line up was Young and Beck, forwards; Hawkins, center, and Haworth and Parker, guards. Young made all of our points.

The following week the team journeyed to Huntington. Here they received the small end of an 18-14 score. The boys said that they outplayed Huntington but could not hit the basket. Some alibi!

Next week Marion came to our city one hundred strong, to annex our scalp, but we turned them homeward with a sick feeling and a defeat.

Martinsville, that team which put us in the dust two years ago at the state tournament, came here next. We took them, not—.

Having the habit, we let that little insignificant Tipton bunch wop us the following week.

Just to put a fitting finish to this Rochester, who supposedly had a very weak team, walked on us by a score of 21-17. Hinshaw was so humiliated by this that he fairly refused to let us have another pep meeting.

Basket ball fans of Kokomo were so disgusted with the team that their loyalty began to wane. With Christmas vacation spent in hard practice the team made altogether a different appearance at Marion, the first game after the holidays. Marion fell by the wayside by a score of 13-11. In this game Houser and Young played forward, Hawkins center, and Beck and Parker guards. The following night Tech., of Indianapolis, bowed before us.

Then Kokomo went down before Huntington and Anderson. Anderson defeated us 28-11, the largest score of the season against us.

West Lafayette, Frankfort, Logansport, Martinsville and Tipton were handed the rough ends in succession. Anderson broke this spell by defeating us again.

The season ended with a defeat at West Lafayette, a fluke game with Logansport and the bacon from Rochester.

Athletics in High School

W. W. LINDLEY.

Athletics and physical training are two of the important things that a student entering High School should give careful consideration. Some students enter school with the idea that they are to get mental training only and they are, as a general rule, sure to impair their physical structure, thinking that they are doing their very best to develop their minds. They frequently do not realize, until it is too late to regain their physical strength, that they have been ruining their physique, and have not accomplished as much in mental developments as the pupils who have built up their bodies at the same time.

Kokomo High School offers as good facilities for basketball as any High School in the state, having one of the best floors anywhere, and lockers, shower baths, and other conveniences that are necessary for the best results. Although it is difficult for every boy in school to get an opportunity to play as much as he would wish, trying out for the High School teams, he has an opportunity to try for the assembly league teams, which will give him a chance to play often and helps to get him in shape to make the first and second team squad.

Field and track work is emphasized in the spring of the year, and every boy has an opportunity to come out and try for the team, which gives him as much practice as anybody, and furnishes him all the benefits that can be derived, even by the fellows that make the team. Some students have the idea that they must be exceptionally good in some line before it pays to come out for track practice, but this is not so. Anybody when he enters High School has a good right to think that he can make the track team before he finishes, because if he applies himself he can develop into a track man that is qualified to compete with other schools and at the same time he has done himself an immense amount of good.

Athletic training gives the athlete the power to think quickly, to act at the correct time, and to be fair in contests. In short, it produces "good sports" who ought to become men that will have the proper respect for the rights of others, giving every one a "square deal" in whatever line of activity that they may later choose.

Basket Ball Scores

Yea, Kokomo! Yea, Kokomo!
K-O-K-O-M-O
Kokomo

Lots of Zip
Lots of Go
Eat Em Up
Kokomo

SCORES

Date	Kokomo	Opponent
Nov. 15—Frankfort at Kokomo.....	11	9
Nov. 27—Kokomo at Huntington.....	14	18
Nov. 29—Marion at Kokomo.....	11	9
Dec. 6—Martinsville at Kokomo.....	12	18
Dec. 13—Tipton at Kokomo.....	14	15
Dec. 20—Rochester at Kokomo.....	14	21
Jan. 3—Kokomo at Marion.....	13	11
Jan. 4—Technical at Kokomo.....	26	12
Jan. 10—Huntington at Kokomo.....	17	21
Jan. 17—Kokomo at Anderson.....	11	28
Jan. 18—W. Lafayette at Kokomo.....	23	10
Jan. 24—Kokomo at Frankfort.....	26	8
Jan. 31—Kokomo at Logansport.....	19	11
Feb. 1—Kokomo at Martinsville.....	14	13
Feb. 7—Kokomo at Tipton.....	16	11
Feb. 14—Anderson at Kokomo.....	14	28
Feb. 15—Kokomo at W. Lafayette.....	18	26
Feb. 21—Logansport at Kokomo.....	36	7
Feb. 28—Kokomo at Rochester.....	14	13

District Tournament

Mar. 7—Kokomo vs. Howard Twp.	65	11
Mar. 8—Kokomo vs. Windfall	23	3
Kokomo vs. Tipton	23	14
Kokomo vs. Fairmount H. S.	21	15

State Tournament

Mar. 14—Kokomo vs. Brazil	11	5
Mar. 15—Kokomo vs. Bloomington	14	23
	465	347

Individual Score

Hawkins	140	Parker	10
Beck	82	Todd	30
Yong	88	Haworth	4
Houser	28	Hawkins	22
Armstrong	42		

When it came to the task of electing a yell leader this year Kokomo High School had but little difficulty. First in every student's mind came "Vic" Davis, our popular leader of last year. He was elected. When Davis came on the floor all hoarseness was gone and yells boosting Kokomo to victory filled the air. Too much praise can not be given "Vic" for his loyalty and his agility. His movements fairly entranced his opponents as well as his friends.

S. Bang
Let's Go
Kokomo

Shoot Em High
Shoot Em Low
Shoot Em In
Kokomo



Second Team

The Second Team this season was not as strong as it has been in previous years. However, the boys played just as hard and deserve just as much praise as any team ever has. The seconds won six out of seventeen games played.

The point-getting honors were rather evenly divided with Newman leading by a small margin. Haworth played center in most games when he was not with the first team. Morris and Gullion were the guards of whom the opposing teams had to dispose. They guarded in fine style and played an air-tight game. Other men playing on the Second Team were: Oaks, Patten, Davis, Hier-naux, Webster, Hawkins, Coughlan and Young.

SCORES

Date	Kokomo	Opponent
Nov. 15—Frankfort at Kokomo.....	4	13
Nov. 27—Kokomo at Windfall.....	12	27
Nov. 29—Marion at Kokomo.....	14	12
Dec. 6—Russiaville at Kokomo.....	27	19
Dec. 13—Tipton at Kokomo.....	4	17
Dec. 20—N. London at Kokomo.....	18	19
Jan. 3—Kokomo at Marion.....	16	23
Jan. 4—Russiaville at Kokomo.....	18	14
Jan. 10—Y. America at Kokomo.....	12	19
Jan. 17—Kokomo at N. London.....	37	9
Jan. 18—Swayzee at Kokomo.....	7	9
Jan. 24—Kokomo at Frankfort.....	5	7
Jan. 31—Kokomo at Logansport.....	14	4
Feb. 1—Kokomo at Swayzee.....	9	16
Feb. 7—Kokomo at Tipton.....	12	17
Feb. 14—Greentown at Kokomo.....	15	13
Feb. 21—Windfall at Kokomo.....	17	12

Assembly Basket Ball League

In order to give the boys of our school more use of the gym a basketball league was formed. In the first league there were two divisions, the Red and the Blue. Assembly 200, led by Armstrong, captured the Red League pennant, after it defeated 300 in their third contest. The Blue League was taken by 300.

In the second series the officials decided to give three teams from each assembly. The Reds, the Blues and the Midgets.

The 300, led by Homer Grinner, captured the Red championship from 310. Moreover, the 300 Blues took the Blue League. The Midget pennant went to Assembly 212. As a closing of the leagues 300, the champions, challenged the Seconds to a game, and 300 defeated them by a score of 14-4, outclassing their opponents in all particulars of the game.

Military Drill

Continuing the drill as it was started last season, the companies made very good showings. Mr. Hanson left us last spring, therefore it was necessary to select a new drill master. Mr. Balcolm was selected for this position. The drilling of the companies shows how efficiently Mr. Balcolm filled his position.

Early in the term the companies selected officers. Company A officers are: Victor Davis, captain; Arthur Young and Richard Patten, lieutenants; Donald Gullion, Dan Armstrong and Charley Harlan, sergeants; Russel Young, Joe Vaile, William Easter, Fred Stroup and William Coughlan, corporals. Company B's officers are: Paul Dufendach and Thurston Steadman, lieutenants; Ralph McCain, Wayne Seaver and John Thompson, sergeants; Martin Kelley, Harry Trees, Kenneth Zerbe, Ed Vaile and Millard Oaks, corporals.

In connection with the military drill a Drum Corps was organized. This consisted of drum major, Brice Williams; assistant drum major, Fred Walton; corporal of Drum Corps, Don White; bugler, Paul Sigwart; drummers, Merl Hawk, Corbin Vore, David Delo, James Johnson, Dwight Priest and Thomas Sellars.

The military drill companies, led by the Drum Corps, have made a good impression on the people of Kokomo by showing them that they have worked to perfect their exhibition. None too much praise can be given the boys in this organization and their efficient instructor.

Girls' Physical Training

The girls of Kokomo High School have had the opportunity of having Physical Training five times a week. The period for the gymnasium is looked forward to with eagerness. The gymnasium work consists of free exercises, which make the girls realize that their muscles and bones are aging, gymnasium folk dancing, apparatus work and games in which the girls have had great sport



CALENDAR

-Vic Davis-



SEPT. & OCT.



Sept. 9. School opens. Freshies get smaller each year (in stature, not in their own opinion).

Sept. 10. The grind begins in earnest.

Sept. 11. Freshies running wild and lost, as usual.

Sept. 12. Seniors organize for year.

Sept. 13. (Friday, the 13th). Dr. Hurty tells everyone that has a cough to leave school. We're afraid, "Doc," there wouldn't be anyone left, for coughs are easily manufactured.

Sept. 16. Juniors organize. Esther Finch forgets she is a Senior and goes to Junior Class Meeting.

Sept. 17.—Ko Hi Club elects officers.

Sept. 19. Who's Who Party in gym. Freshie girls greatly enjoy themselves, maybe??

Sept. 20. Nothing doing today except mad rush for lockers at 4 P. M. Wonder why?

Sept. 23. The Senior president was ordered out of 206. Why do you persist in hanging around there, Longford? What's the attraction?

Sept. 26. Oh, girls! Wasn't he handsome? Lieut. Sutherland, a Canadian, tells us a few of his experiences at the front.

Sept. 27. First class socials of year. Everybody seems to be bitten by the same bug.

Sept. 30. Written on board in 200: "Lost, 12 centuries of English prose and poetry." 'Spoke it'll ever be found? The 2A's are hoping for the best.

Oct. 1. Emil W. appears on the scene with a new pair of nose wind-shields.

Oct. 2. Swedish man makes a speech. Seniors decide to publish a Sargasso.

Oct. 3. Movie in Auditorium, everybody shelled out a dime and avoided classes.

Oct. 7. Maj. Gen. Spanish Influenza lays siege to Kokomo and many surrender. School closes.

Oct. 31. Back again. Influenza on the retreat. The most popular phrase seems to be, "I don't know."



NOVEMBER

· First ·
Peace Day
Nov. 11, 1918.
...

Nov. 1. Looks as though some in our school aren't able to scrape off all the Hallow-e'en paint today.

Nov. 4. The Seniors begin their campaign for 500 subscriptions for Sargasso.

Nov. 5. If you don't wear a blue tag your life is in danger.

Nov. 6. Freshie, after having been asked to subscribe: "Oh, no! I'm only a Freshie." Don't tell us about it, girl; don't you think we can see?

Nov. 7. Seniors have just one more day to get subscriptions in. They sure are working.

Nov. 8. Hurrah! Sargasso goes over the top. Five hundred fifty subscriptions. Convocation this morning.

We surely have some genius
In this dear school of ours,
For thinking up bright excuses
To avoid assembly hours.

When "flu" germs began spreading
And folks began to wheeze,
You could get sent home quite easy,
For just a little sneeze.

So some bright boy in 300
Blew pepper 'round about,
And—they had a full audience
At the new Paramount.

Nov. 11. No school. First peace celebration. Everybody is down town playing Yankee Doodle on a dish-pan.

Nov. 12. Convocation. The school was gracious enough to tender "My Bonnie" to Prof. Hinshaw. We wonder why it is his favorite.

Nov. 13. Seniors dolled up for class pictures.

Nov. 14. Grade cards are distributed. Most pupils have unusually long faces, especially those issuing from Mr. Wilson's 3B History classes.

Nov. 14. First basketball game of the season. Everybody wild. K. H. S. defeats Frankfort—11-9 score.

Nov. 19. School closed again on account of influenza.

Nov. 25. School opens again, classes are dull. Bleachers are being installed in upper part of gym.

Nov. 26. All of school except Mr. Wilson's room feels like a cold storage. That member of the faculty promises to make it hot for anybody that goes down there.

Nov. 27. Kokomo gets beaten at Huntington (14-18). Donald G. displays his appetite in Windfall.

Nov. 28. Thanksgiving. School in session until noon. Makes it hard for us to enter into the thankful spirit of the day.

Nov. 29. It is quite evident that some of our number enjoyed mince pie yesterday, as only about one-third are present today.



DECEMBER



Dec. 2. We wonder what is the matter with Becky's nose. He has it artistically bandaged up with a small bale of cotton.

Dec. 3. Mr. Wilson becomes so absorbed in thought that he falls off his chair in the eighth period assembly. We wonder who *she* is.

Dec. 4. Great excitement caused by real-for-sure French band.

Dec. 5. B. B. team is improving with age and bumps.

Dec. 6. Our much beloved Earl T. has come back to school. He evidently knows a good thing when he sees it.

Dec. 9. Harry K. drinks all the milk, which Mr. Lindley had brought for Physics experiments.

Dec. 10. Russel Smith gets canned out of Commercial Law because he didn't know anything. That's not a bad reason.

Dec. 11. Mr. Hinshaw finds two of our prominent students eating cake in the lower corridor during class hours.

Dec. 12. Mr. Hinshaw asks that matinee dances be postponed until further notice.

Dec. 13. Pep meeting for big game with Tipton. We are beaten one point.

Dec. 16. Miss Jones: "The people of Mesopotamia were required to do little work." Carl W.—"Miss Jones, where is Mesopotamia?"

Dec. 17. Mr. Wilson says: "It belittles any American to accept a foreign title." Evidently he isn't expecting any of the crowned heads to grant him one at a near date.

Dec. 18. It is rumored through the halls that we are to have two extra days for Christmas vacation. We're all in love with the school board.

Dec. 19. Jimmy Alcorn has another haircut. It's the second one this week.

Dec. 20. The school didn't have to buy any Xmas decorations this year, as we have an abundance of Freshies who are "evergreen." XMAS VACATION.

Dec. 30. Sorry to say all of the teachers are back in time to begin work promptly

Dec. 31. We see Mae and Harry together *occasionally* in the halls.



JANUARY



Jan. 1. News Year Day. Those who didn't stay up for the bells weren't able to study much in the assembly because of the snoring of the others.

Jan. 3. Kenneth Parsons, motoring to the city this morning from his country home, received a pair of frozen ears.

Jan. 4. Mr. Wilson is the popular young man on our faculty. If you don't believe it, look him up at the next B. B. game.

Jan. 6. Memorial services held in Auditorium for Col. Theodore Roosevelt.

Jan. 9. Basketball fellows are sporting new sweaters today.

Jan. 13. Congratulations are in order as our honorable principal has a new baby girl at his house.

Jan. 14. John Chesnut brought two butcher knives to school this morning to sharpen. We hope we are all friends of John.

Jan. 15. After William M. had spent some time in Art class, perfecting the drawing of a chair, he raised his hand for Miss Williamson's criticism. And after seriously inspecting it Miss W. said: "Why, William, your legs are crooked."

Jan. 16. Tobe Bryant tied up some Freshie's hair today, very securely, with some blue baby ribbon, so securely in fact, that when the poor Freshie tried to remove the ornament (which shamefully reminded him that he needed a haircut) he pulled out such a goodly number of hairs that Wilfred now has them on display in 200 for anyone interested in switches.

Jan. 21. Earl T. is contemplating a wooden leg, somebody having gotten rough with the one provided by nature.

Jan. 23. Excitement in 310 today. Miss Miller gracefully (??) climbed upon the assembly desk in an open retreat from a mouse.

Jan. 25. Our good-looking team defeats Frankfort 26-8, at Frankfort.

Jan. 28. Garrett Beck is gaining fame as a French Prof. He took charge of the 1B French class this morning.

Jan. 30. Mr. Hinshaw holds private counsel with the fair dancers of our school.

Jan. 31. Many folks would like to see the the fellow who invented dancing *just once*.



FEBRUARY



Feb. 3. A powerful, good-looking lieutenant frequents Miss Eickhoff's room. We are slightly curious.

Feb. 5. Exams!!

Feb. 6. Exams!!

Feb. 7. EXAMS!!

Feb. 10. We are receiving quite a unique collection of Freshies this term.

Feb. 11. Mr. Ruby is back again. The army didn't hurt his looks.

Feb. 12. Lincoln exercises held in the Auditorium.

Feb. 13. Gerald Cue shone brilliantly in 3A History class this morning. He was wearing a bright red sweater.

Feb. 14. Miss Williamson has an increase in classes. Some folks are always looking for snaps. Wait and see.

Feb. 17. Assembly midget games begin.

Feb. 18. It is reported that Esther Finch eats with her knife.

Feb. 20. Bob H. puts too big a piece of taffy in his mouth in assembly and has some little trouble in getting his mouth closed.

Feb. 24. 4A English takes a journey to Indianapolis to see Hamlet.

Feb. 25. Dick Patten still continues to use rosin on his fingers while playing basketball.

Feb. 27. Seniors try out for class play.

Feb. 28. Thelma Fridlin is chosen leading lady. We hope "Vic" gets the opposite role.



March 3. School quite worked up over Miss Martz's diamond.

March 4. Miss Ross bids for good-looking fellows to stay at her house during tournament.

March 5. H. S. Band has a case of heaves (from over exertions).

March 7. Out of town teams arriving. Everybody excited.

March 8. Big day of tournament. Kokomo wins District. Becky and Art Young get banged up by Tipton. Junior supper a success.

March 10. Monday. Another week of school. The morning after the night before. You can certainly tell the ones that had dates; it keeps Mr. Ruby busy keeping Paul T. awake; of course, he wasn't the only one.

March 11. Earl Todd came to school this morning for a change. We were certainly glad to see him.

March 12. "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes." Did everybody see Eugene Parker's medal for bravery? He must have been over to (Ray) Powell's.

March 13. Unlucky day for some. There were about three seats to every pupil in the assembly. Of course, we know we all couldn't go, so the smart ones remained behind. (Maybe they didn't have the money???)

March 14. Everybody that hasn't the "flu" flew. School seems deserted.

March 15. Can it be that we beat Brazil at this said Tournament (11-6)? Sad, sad, but true, we were beaten by Bloomington—23-14.

March 17. Mildred P.: "Wonder why everybody is wearing green today?" It's a cinch she doesn't need to wear any to celebrate the old Irish Saint.

March 18. "Mollie" and "Vic" were canned. Wonder what for?? Ask Wm. Coughlan, 4A Hist. Miss Colescott seems to agree with Don Preble as to his membership of the Know Nothing Party.

March 19. Cloyd Schleiger has two seats for the Follies already. Who's the other one for, Cloyd?

March 20. The Wildcat is getting wild. Everybody grab their bathing suits, the water is fine.

March 21. Say, did you ever notice the style of hair dress of Corbin Vore and Mr. Ruby?? Are they any relation? Please answer if anyone knows.

March 23. The inhabitants of 310 assembly should be perfect; and it's not Miss Martz's fault that they are not.

March 26. Garrett Beck can now navigate without the use of his cane.



APRIL



April 1. April Fool—there are quite a goodly number left.

April 2. 200 Assembly boasts both of the Midget pennants.

April 3. Mildred S. takes a pillow to English class in order to be more comfortable during her afternoon nap.

April 7. One of Lindley's towels fell and broke.

April 8. Miss Ward removes a canine from her assembly.

April 9. Taffy feast during 3B Latin class.

April 10. Miss Colescott's Ford gets demolished by a hay wagon in front of K. H. S.

April 14. Bob H. wore his B. B. suit to church yesterday.

April 15. The monotony of the 4B Grammer class became so intense that Harry K. fell off his chair, to cause some excitement. (That's what he says; privately we think he was out *early* the night before.)

April 16. There are some of last year's Senior soldiers visiting our fair school.

April 18. Jimmy Alcorn was at school today.

April 21. Flora B. does a regular sneeze today.

April 22. Carl Webster receives a summons to Room 206.

April 23. Lovely weather—a bathing suit would be about right.

April 27. Gilbert Outland has found a penny in 205. Owner may have same upon proper identification.

April 28. We were honored this morning by the singing of the Ko Hi Chorus.

April 30. Gilbert Outland gets his chewing gum tangled up with his gold tooth in 4A History class.



Mr. Hinshaw isn't feeling well. We are to have two convocations this week.

May 1. Marjorie G. has purchased a 1919 model sunshade.

May 2. We try to suppress our grief at an unexpected convocation.

May 5. Joe Vaile wore his red necktie today. He says he really doesn't care for the color himself, but it seems to attract the girls.

May 7. Molly Vore turned a hand spring on the east stairs today while trying to take two steps at a time. All of the Vores have been noted for their high stepping. Senior class play great success.

May 12. Dan Armstrong had a hair shampoo today. We liked the smell, too.

May 13. Even though the country has gone dry, Slick Ryan still continues to drink with his eyes.

May 14. In 3A History, Mr. W., giving dictation. Mr. Wilson: "Partisan—P-a-r-t-i-z-a-n." Lizzy P.: "How do you spell that?" Mr. Wilson: "T-h-a-t."

May 17. "Life" seems to be the favorite magazine in the assemblies.

May 18. When the D. S. class made oyster soup, Miss Berry asked: "What are the constituents of an oyster?" Nancy Kirkman, thinking she said moister instead of oyster, replied: "Water, steam and air."

May 19. Maybe this time next year Lizzie Purdum will have found out how to fix her hair and will not be changing its style every day.

May 20. Reviews sure are glorious. The worst thing about them is that we know a test is bound to follow.

May 23. We have a new snake-charmer in school, who says he eats them alive. We always did wonder what made Feeney P. so fat.

May 24. Seniors get out of school this week. Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

May 25. Found—Macbeth, containing six compositions. We judge he must have been full.

May 26. Last of final exams. Hurrah!

May 29. Commencement.

Just Keep On Keeping On

If to you the hour looks kinder dreary,
And your chances kinder slim,
And to you the circumstances puzzlin',
And your prospects awful grim;
If to you perplexities keep comin'
Till all hope is nearly gone,
Just bristle up and grit your teeth
And keep on keeping on.

Neglecting never wins for you,
And frettin' never pays,
There ain't no use in ponderin' in
These pessimistic ways;
Smile, just kinder cheerfully
When your hope is nearly gone,
And bristle up and grit your teeth
And keep on keeping on.

There ain't no use in quarrelin'
And grumblin' all the time,
When happiness is all around
And everthing's a rhyme;
Just keep on smiling merrily
If hope is nearly gone,
And bristle up and grit your teeth
And keep on keeping on.

MARTHA T.—'19.

BRICK BATS



· AND ·



BOUQUETS

- J. Davis -

19

SARGASSO

19

Angelic Theatre

Admission Free

Our Movie Show

THE ONE TEMPTATION.

Manager. I. RAKIN KALE
 Director. U. DOAZ UPLEZE
 Operator. O. HOWIE KRANKS
 Scenario Director. IMA COMOFLAGE

CAST.

Hero. IPHEEL LIKA FULE
 Teacher. G. WATTA SCRIBE

ACT I—SCENE I.

FADE IN: Our hero is seen in the assembly, laboriously attempting to extract from the ever-present book or magazine a wee bit of knowledge to store in his mental capacity, with which to astonish his close-grading teachers when they try to catch him napping so they can bawl him out. Then the long and seemingly endless period finally drags itself to a close, the bell rings and from all the doors burst the care-free and happy students. Free for five whole minutes to roam the halls and stop and chatter for a while with some nut of corresponding calibre, and our hero stops to exchange a few muttered remarks with the one. You know.

SCENE II.

IN CLASS: Back row—corner seat—where most of the unknown budding geni of the whole school are situated. The class work proceeds slowly and the teacher grows irritated, though without cause, and finally lets her eyes drop on the valorous hero, so suddenly and swiftly that they scatter his thoughts and he scarcely has time to search out his reading glass and glance at the ever-ready microscopic entries on the white cuff of his khaki shirt; and as usual astounds the teacher with his marvelous reasoning power and correct conclusions. The teacher comments to herself how one who is so dreamy-looking and always staring out the windows can always have such good lessons. Fade out as bell rings and the students hilariously assume their liberty.

Scenes III and IV same as Scene II, except that our hero is released from History class, though of course it was the fault of someone else.

ACT II—SCENE I.

DINNER HOUR: The faculty must have a grudge against Ass'y 212 because here it is that they have decreed that the students shall masticate their food. When they have all assumed a seat they begin to make dives toward their dinner pails, buckets, packets and baskets. Our hero, being a healthy human hero, brings a bucket for, like other healthy human heroes, he has an appetite which ever clamors for appeasement.

After deliberately lifting the lid, he searches until he locates a spoon, and, holding it aloft he peers again into his bucket and discovers a cup of cherries which look so appetizing that he rolls his eyes for a second or so in anticipation of the joy they will bring to his inglorious appetite. Then, poising aloft his spoon, with a swift and sure downward movement of the arm and hand, he valorously attacks the helpless cherries and with a rapidity that is surprising they swiftly disappear within his enormous mouth into oblivion. But in the last spoonful which he juggles with a skilled dexterity, gained only by much practice, there is a seed which when it is placed between his mighty jaws is crushed as a nut. Noisy and vociferous exclamations issue from the cavity whence have gone the cherries, but the acid taste is removed by a choice bit of pie and the incident is closed.

Then sandwiches and cake are next disclosed and soon follow the sad, sad route of the cherries and pie till at last with a mighty sigh of satisfaction he settles back into his seat to view the nervous attempts of his under classmates to finish their repast. Some of them nervously try to imitate their leader in a becoming fashion and almost render themselves ridiculous in their attempts. But at last everyone is through and as if by a pre-arranged signal everybody cleanses their mug by the gentle art of using the ever convenient sleeve and then they rise and lockstep from the room, some to the ever-crowded mirrors, some to the great outdoors, some to the gym and some to mysterious places where secrets are ever held sacred, and some to town to loaf until the ringing of the bell recalls them to their hard and cruel tasks which they must ever perform before their liberty is regained.

ACT III—SCENE I.

AFTER DINNER: But you couldn't tell it in the ass'ys were it not for the crumbs and crusts of bread strewed so temptingly here and there on the floor and various desks. Then the students begin to assemble, some with newly acquired grease spots and other with merely the old ones retouched. Then approacheth our hero with chest thrown out, a different tie on, and still the same sleepy eyes which he brings with him every morning. He tramps into the ass'y and assumes his seat with a meek air of humility and obedience and industriously proceeds to read his magazines and book. Fade out. After laboriously dis-entangling himself from his seat about which his legs were comfortably entwined he arose and walked heavily back to the dictionary which was awaiting his pleasure and hunted up some big words with which to repeat his astounding tactics of the morning and which took him one step farther from that uncoveted, undesirable "P."

CURTAIN.

Mr. Hinshaw (in Geometry Class)—"Let's see now, what is the table of linear measure? It goes 12 in. equal 1 ft., $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. equal one yard."

Wilna Duncan—"Didn't you see me studying last period, Mr. Wilson?"
Mr. Wilson—"Every once in a while, yes."

Thurston Stedman—"I got a feeling in my bones that we are going to have Convocation today."
Albert Tucker—"In what particular bone?"
Thurston S.—"In my wish bone."

Miss Jones (in English class)—"Who was the famous singer?"
Paul Turley (with rising inflection)—"Lauder."
Miss Jones (hesitating)—"I say who was the famous singer?"
Paul T.—"I say Lauder."
Miss Jones (hesitating)—"Oh! I did not have that one in mind."

Miss Howard (in French class)—"Who can name some words ending in tion?"
Phenie Parker—"Intoxication."
Lindley (in 1A General Science)—"How do you feel after you get out of the lake or ocean, standing on the beach?"
Lawrence Deardorff—"Wet."

SCRATCH IT.

Mr. McCarty (in Physiology class)—"When a person's leg is cut off he occasionally feels his toe itch, due to a force of habit or due to the brain being the nerve center."
Fred Walton (excitedly)—"How would he scratch his toe?"

NO BRAINS.

V. Davis (to Kerlin) in bayonet practice—"Now, Kerlin, how would you use your bayonet if your opponent fainted?"
Kerlin—"I would just tickle him with the point of it to see if he was fakin'."

LET'S TAKE A BATH.

G. O.—"Where do you bathe?"
Don Preble—"In the spring."
G. O.—"I didn't ask you when, I asked you where."

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

S. H.—"Where was your friend wounded?"
R. H.—"In the abdomen."
S. H.—"Where's that?"
R. H.—"Don't know, somewhere in France, I suppose."

SOME MARKSMAN.

H. K.—“See that fly on the wall? Hit him in the eye with a bean shooter.”

N. B.—“Which eye?”

DID YOU KNOW IT?

Miss Jones—“How do you like Browning?”

R. H.—“Fine, he sure made a great machine gun.”

S. H.—“With this war on I can't afford clothes.”

L. M.—“Don't let that keep you away from school, Shirley.”

SAME OLD THING.

S. M.—“What is the orchestra practicing today?”

E. H.—“Frightfulness.”

RANK.

V. Davis (in military drill)—“Your rank, sir!”

Harry Trees—“That's just what the Sergeant told me.”

LOTS OF MONEY.

V. D.—“What is your salary?”

H. K.—“Seven dollars a day—once a week.”

Miss H.—“Donald avez-vous un question?”

Don G.—“Non, mademoiselle.”

Miss H.—“Well, what is it?”

Don G.—“I just want to ask a question.”

Don G. (to Miss Colescott)—“Are you going to grade these papers by what you think or what we wrote?”

In Com. Law Class, after prolonged and varied discussion—“Dwight, have you anything else to say—important?”

History Teacher—“And we can vote for this amendment in what two ways?”

Rut Y.—“For and against it.”

Why are the H. S. Cadets so tired on the first of April?

Because they have just completed a March of thirty-one days.

First Bright Student—“What will you give me for this pencil?”

Second Bright Student—“Nothing.”

First Bright Student—“Here, take it.”

Jenness Hatton (after an explanation)—"I see, but how can I write it down?"
Wilson—"Some people use pencils."

WILL OR SHALL.

Miss Ryker—"What is the answer to this question, will you go down, dear?"
Harry K. (whispering to Mae)—"Yes, love."

Irene Belk (reading sentence in English)—"If we reject these officers we shall regret it" (offers).

Miss Ryker—"The slips of one's tongue show which way one's mind runs."

Jeannette Bowen (who had been absent) — "Mr Hinshaw, I would like to see the health doctor."

Miss Colescott (sixth period assembly)—"Order, please."
Quac Carney (coming out of a deep slumber)—"Ham and eggs."

PHILOSOPHY.

"Say, waitah, is this peach or apple pie?"

"Can't you tell by the taste?"

"No."

"Then what difference does it make?"

Fred Ryan (5th period English class)—"'Cesari' was more suited to go and woo Olivia, because she wanted to be proposed to herself, as all women do."

Miss Farlow—"How do you know?"

Don P.—"What is a misplaced modifier?"

Miss Ryker (reading as an example a soldier's letter written in a Y. M. C. A. during shell fire)—"I am sitting in the Y. M. C. A., with the piano playing in my uniform."

Miss Jones—"Raymond, give the story of the 'Skeleton in armor.'"

Raymond L.—"Well, a fellow wanted to marry another's man's daughter and the mar: wouldn't let him, so they eloped and got marooned on an island, or something, I forgot—"

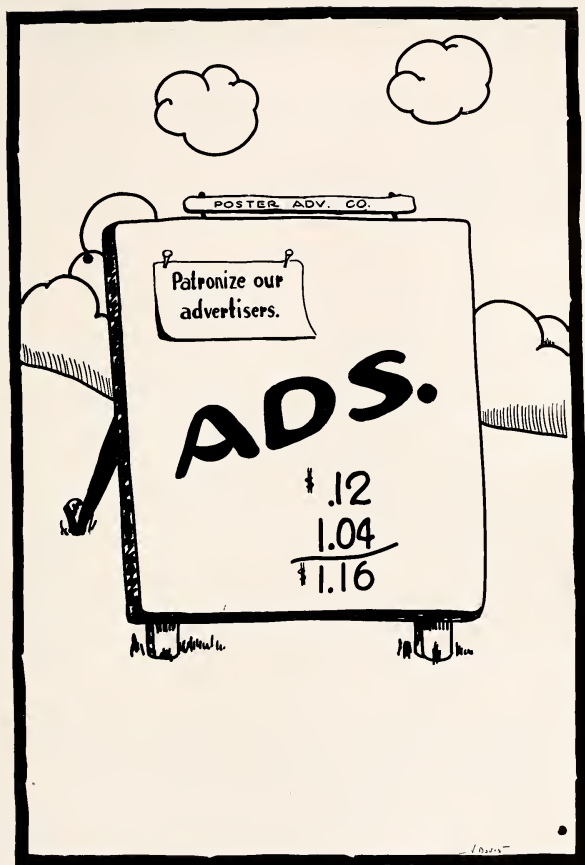
Miss Jones—"That is very incorrect, Raymond, what kind of literature have you been reading?"

Esther Marr—"How do you feel after having the influenza?"

Mrs. Eikenberry—"The only trouble I have is controlling my feet."

Lindley—"Why is the exhaust on a locomotive not on the side?"

Harry K.—"It might burn somebody."



H. S. Library

POETRY.

The Constant Lover.....	Earl Todd
The Raven.....	Mr. Coughlan
The Pied Piper.....	Vic Davis
The Means to Obtain a Happy Life.....	Matrimony

NOVELS.

Old Dad.....	Mr. Hinshaw
The Gay Charmer.....	Jimmy Alcorn
Red Pepper Burns.....	Longford Felske
Dere Mable; Letters of a Business Manager.....	Mae and Harry
Pollyanna	Miss Miller
Missing.....	Mr. Wilson
The Dwelling Place of Light.....	The Office
Elsie.....	Janice Jones
The Crisis.....	Final Exams
Vanity Fair.....	Miss Howard
The City of Conrades.....	K. H. S.
A Romance in Real Life.....	Carl and Myrtle
Over the Top.....	Senior Class '19
Such a Brave Young Man.....	Dick Patten
Little John.....	Earl Hawkins
Travels of a Donkey.....	Bob Haworth's Life Journey
Twice Told Tales.....	Scandal
Seventeen.....	Fran Dawson
A Six Cylinder Courtship	Becky

PLAYS.

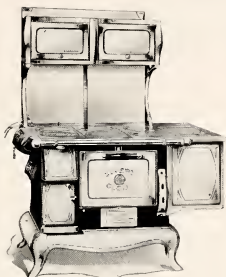
Much Ado About Nothing.....	Cloyd Schleiger
Friendly Enemies.....	Ye Ed and Bus. Mgr.
As You Like It.....	B. B. Team
Peg O' My Heart.....	Wilna Duncan

MAGAZINES.

Scientific American.....	Mr. McCarty
The Days of Real Sport.....	Freshman Year
Tattler.....	Sargasso
Independent.....	Miss Colescott
Literary Digest.....	Miss Jones

GLOBE

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You can put your confidence in any
Globe product—that's why we
are proud to offer them to you.

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MASTER STOVE BUILDERS
KOKOMO, INDIANA





The Citizens National Bank

of Kokomo, Indiana

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At the Close of Business Tuesday, March 4, 1919

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$2,040,046.90
Overdrafts	10,136.73
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	200,000.00
U. S. Bonds and U. S. Liberty Loan Bonds...	402,899.00
U. S. Certificates of Indebtedness.....	420,500.00
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank.....	15,000.00
Other Stocks and Bonds.....	96,205.15
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures.....	177,500.00
Other Real Estate	2,649.00
5% Fund and Due from U. S. Treasury.....	10,000.00
Cash and Due from Banks.....	303,227.45
Due from Federal Reserve Bank.....	202,517.58
Total	\$3,880,681.79

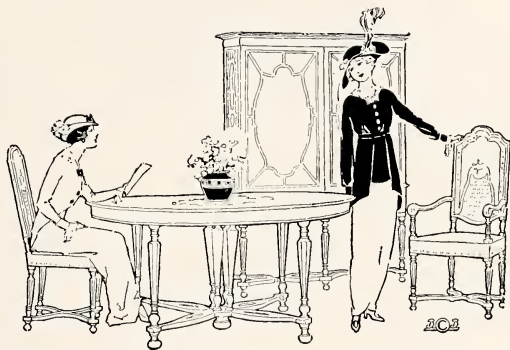
LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 250,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	263,221.48
Reserved for Taxes and Interest.....	11,599.48
Circulation	200,000.00
U. S. Bonds Borrowed.....	150,000.00
Deposits	3,005,860.83
Total	\$3,880,681.79

LARGEST AND STRONGEST BANK IN HOWARD COUNTY

Good Furniture Helps Make Happy Homes

Sailors Greater Home-Furnishing Store offers you splendid Home Furnishing service. Many years' experience are back of this service. Suggestions are always made with the welfare of the customer in mind. The good will of the public is our greatest business asset.



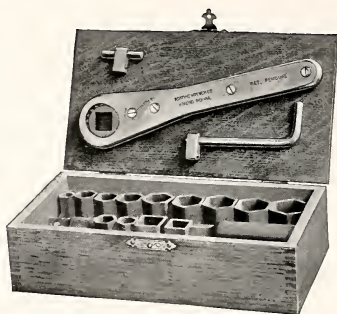
The 26 booths furnished with beautiful period style suites for the bedroom, living room and dining room, are a wonderful attraction. The famous Buck's Stoves and Ranges, and "Sellers" Kitchen Cabinets are sold here. Bring your friends and show them through this mammoth store.

Sailors offer you the Highest Standard of Values, whether you pay cash or buy on credit.

SAILORS

Sailors Corner

Kokomo, Indiana



The Kokomo Ratchet Wrench and Socket Set

THIS IS A WRENCH THAT EVERYBODY SHOULD OWN, and it is almost indispensable for the man who has an automobile. It is really sixteen wrenches in one, with some features of special excellence that no other wrench possesses.

The Kokomo Wrench is handsomely nickeled, with a blued steel ratchet, and a coppered handle winding crank. This winding crank is a "speed-up" feature. On big jobs the work can be speeded up as much as 1,000 per cent. by its use.

The wrench is equipped with fifteen sockets of forged steel, a special spark plug socket and a patented extension device. It is the most complete and satisfactory wrench on the market.

Price, Complete, \$8.50

The Kokomo Wrench Company
KOKOMO, INDIANA

JUST A WORD

About a town "That Does Things Differently"—but never indifferently

Do you happen to know that the population of Kokomo has practically doubled since the federal census of 1910? That it is now an industrial city of 30,000? That Kokomo's school enumeration has increased in the past ten years 54 per cent? That the assessed valuation of its property for taxing purposes has leaped from less than seven millions to nearly eleven millions? That its bank deposits have increased from \$3,000,000 in 1910 to \$6,000,000 in 1919? That the receipts of its postoffice have advanced in that period from \$68,532.03 to \$100,000?

Do you happen to know that the first gas driven automobile, the first automobile tire, the first aluminum castings, were made in Kokomo?

Kokomo is the town where the men are in the mills, the children in the schools, the housewives in the homes and the bootleggers in the jail.

Kokomo is the County Seat of Contentment—contentment, that sheet-anchor of national security. It is known as "The City Without Panic and Without Strikes." Of the fifteen millions of capital invested in its industrial institutions, 80 per cent. is "home" capital. Of its eight thousand industrial workers, 75 per cent. are home owners.

This definitely explains "Kokomo Contentment."

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What you get and where you get it depends on you; we would have you remember, however, to "DO IT ELECTRICALLY" means to specialize on the good things of life, namely—Health, Wealth and Happiness.

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Kokomo, Indiana

In Solid Geometry Class. Mr. Hinshaw—"Now, how do you know these diagonals are not equal."

Geraldine Moore—"Why, they couldn't be one, for one of them is larger than the other."

■ ■

Die P.—"But, Joy, upon what grounds does your brother object me?"

Joy L.—"Upon any grounds within a mile of our house."

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Diary of a H. S. Boy

Mon.—Started to school. Saw Mary—she looked natural.
Tues.—Saw Mary today. Made 30 on physics test.
Wed.—Saw Mary today. Had a lecture behind closed doors.
Thurs.—Was sick. Didn't get to see Mary.
Fri.—Saw Mary today.
Sat.—Had to work—awful lonesome.
Sun.—Went to church. Saw Mary. *Got* a date, tonight.
Mon.—Saw Mary today. Received our grade cards. I got "two P's".
Continued to an infinity.

Miss Ryker, in 4B Eng.—Write a sentence with "wish" contrary to fact.
Garret Beck—I wish I had a "Ford".

Miss C.—Explain: A cat once let out of the bag, no longer has nine lives.
John McD.—I didn't know a cat had nine lives.

Mr. Wilson: "We aren't supposed to swear in this class, so I can't tell you what the Bolshevik government is."

SOME SIXTEEN.

K. Kling: (getting mixed up in factoring in 1B Algebra)—" $4x+4$ makes a perfect sixteen."

WE ALWAYS THOUGHT SO.

Miss Howard: (in French class)—"Arthur, what kind of animals do you like best?"
Art Young—"I like chickens best."

Mr. Lindley (in Physics)—"Marguerite, do metals evaporate?"
Marguerite—"Yes."
Lindley—"Which ones?"
Marguerite—"Gold."
Lindley—"Is that the reason why one can't keep a five-dollar gold piece?"

Flora Bell (in English class)—"Do you think it is wrong to say 'good night' after 12 o'clock at night? I should think it would be 'good morning.'"

Miss Ryker—"Flora, I am afraid you have been keeping late hours."



Loafers



K.H.S.C.



November

11th



1/4



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SAMPLES OF OUR WORK

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Kokomo, Indiana

Miss E. (on 1B English test)—“Give one of the ten commandments.”
Margaret P.—“Jesus wept.”

Miss Colescott—“When was the Spanish-American war, Joy?”
Joy Lockwood—“I don’t remember. It was before I was born.”

Quic. Carney—“I believe, Mr. Woody, that Jay is taking Algebra of you.”
Mr. Woody—“He is exposed, but I don’t think he’ll take it.”

Silently she laid the white form beside the many that had gone before. She did not weep. It was no time for foolish tears, but she came to a point when it seemed she could resist nature no longer. She raised her voice in a long mournful wail, which was taken up by friends in the house and yard. Then suddenly she stopped. What was the use of it all? She would lay another egg tomorrow.

There was a boy in our town,
Who went to K. H. S.
And basket ball he tried to play,
For he thought he was the best.

But when he came up on the floor,
The crowd did laugh and shout,
To see such a funny thing,
Making a grand try-out.

And when he ran around the floor,
Much to his dismay,
The girls did laugh and fuss him,
So much he could not play.

A ha! 'tis old “Ros” Patten,
Oh, girls, do have a heart,
For if you fuss him any more,
He’ll never make a start.

Miss Colescott—“Concrete boats are more durable than others.”

Christine K.—“I don’t see why; when they reach the water they will melt and run away.”

“He is the very pinnacle of politeness.”—Donald Shenk.



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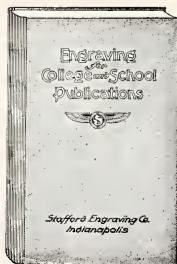
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In order to cooperate with our customers more closely, we have prepared a valuable book "Engraving for College and School Publications," which we loan to the staff of every publication which uses Stafford Engravings. This book contains 164 pages and over 300 illustrations, and will be of great assistance in simplifying ordering, in preventing costly mistakes and in securing highest quality engraving at lowest cost. This helpful book is not sold—simply loaned to Stafford customers.

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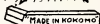
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Stellite is harder than steel—harder than any known substance except the diamond. It much resembles silver in appearance, but polished Stellite has a beautiful flash luster that no silver can rival. It was this luster that caused Mr. Haynes to give it its name, from the Latin word *stella*, a star. Stellite is the true star metal.

Besides being harder than steel, Stellite has the added quality of being stainless. It will not rust or corrode or tarnish, and it is impervious to the action of ordinary acids.

Stellite has been extensively used in the world of machinery as a lathe tool—a tool designed to cut iron and other hard metals. It was used in the great war for surgical instruments. It is to be had now in lathe tools, surgical and dental instruments and pocket knives. Pocket knives of Stellite are harder than other knives, are sharper and will hold their edge better, and will not rust.

Stellite is a wonder metal, destined to make the city of Kokomo famous throughout the world.

The Haynes Stellite Company

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Scintillations of the 4A History Class

Miss Colescott—"What party opposed the Roundheads?"

B. S.—"The Flatheads."

Miss Colescott—"If you were asked to talk about the economic conditions in 1773, what would you talk about?"

Don Parsons—"Nothing."

Miss Colescott—"How did the people vote in 1773?"

L. F.—"By a system of beans."

Miss C. (in answer to a question)—"Why, yes, there is going to be a disturbance when our soldiers come back to work."

E. Todd—"Don't you think they ought to stick the women workers back in the house?"

Miss C.—"That's what some old men with fogish ideas seem to think."

Miss Colescott—"Are you independent or dependent?"

Ruth S. (shaking head yes.)

Miss Colescott—"Oh, yes, we know it and you don't need to tell us about it."

Miss Colescott—"There are some things in this book that I don't know and certainly you people couldn't."

Miss Colescott (in Com. Law class)—"Now, suppose a man had insurance and then committed suicide?"

Garrett Beck—"Well, he couldn't collect it."

Miss C.—"Now, I thought we had that Power of Attorney all straightened out and finally decided."

Mildred S.—"Well, I did have it decided for myself."

Miss Colescott (in History class)—"Now, what kind of fur-bearing animals do you think would be around a town or settlement?"

Gilbert O. (aside)—"Rats."

DONT'S

Don't think that because you are on the good side of a teacher you will get good grades.

Don't try to skip the 8th period. You will get caught every time.

Don't cheat on a final exam, or you will invariably get a poor grade.

Don't sleep in an assembly or class or the teachers therein will think you have been keeping late hours.

Don't "bawl out" a teacher. They have the "knack" of returning evil for evil.

Don't "pull boners" in a class or people will think you are a "bonehead."

Don't take a fake grade card home with straight "E's". Your parents might die of surprise.

Don't expect more than you deserve or you will be badly disappointed.

Don't walk down the hall with a girl. If you do, students will probably buy wedding presents.

Don't think a teacher "has it in" for you. They are only trying to find out what you know.

Don't feel bad when you "flunk" in a test. Just think of other people you know.

Don't come to class with too good of a lesson or the teacher will expect it of you every day.

Don't bet a girl a box of candy if you ever expect to get it.

Don't read this stuff or you will go crazy.

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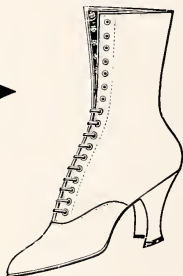
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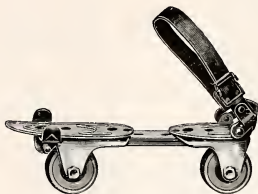
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Art Ferriday, seeing Hallie D. home—
"Say, I've got to meet a fellow right away so
you will have to walk from Markland Avenue
by yourself."

■ ■

Esther: "Papa, a young man asked for my
hand last night."

Dad: "I don't care as long as he takes
the one that is in my pocket all the time."

■ ■

Bob Briney: "Believe me I know one
teacher who has nerve. Mr. McCarty gave
me an unknown solution test and I worked
for two periods before he told me it was only
a bottle of water."

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The fair young thing, to youthful swain, regarding poster for "The Crisis"—"Are you coming to see "The Caress"?"

Tardy pupil, explaining to teacher—"I have an excuse de-pending."

Ivan McConnell (camouflaging nouns in French class)—"Papier, mamier." (Papa, mama.)

Earl Short (asking a question)—"How did you say you fixed the back of that sentence?"

Mr. C. (in Salesmanship class, discussing hypnotism and mesmerism) (Dwight P. fantastically flipping his fingers at Shirley H.)—"It's no use, Dwight, you can't hypnotize him. You have to have a clear mind to be hypnotized."

CONVERSATION OF TWO ANIMATED ANIMALS.

Wossatchoogot?
 Lassiditionindependent.
 Enthunkinnut?
 Naw Nothninnut ceplasspeechuvhoover's. Lottarot.
 Donsayso? Wosswetherpredickshun?
 Sesrain Donbleevetho.
 Funthingthiswetherneverkintellwossgunnado.
 Thasright. Wells'long.
 S'long.

BLUFFING.

After wildly gesticulating while the star of the class was reciting and all the while emitting numerous ejaculations of "hey," and "naw," and "yeh," he was finally called upon to recite, with the carefully veiled admonition that he keep quiet until called upon, and then calmly and innocently informed the instructor that he agreed perfectly with the recitation.

That is known as the gentle art of bluffing your way through a class the morning after the night before. Of course, we are happy to say that it occurs but very seldom in our justly celebrated H. S.

Jim—"I'm going to can my English teacher next year."
 Paul—"I didn't know she was a peach."

(Discussing Roman government, all offices same as city government of today, except the clerk) Mr. Wilson—"What officer is missing in Roman government, that we have today. You will surely know it when you become a little older."

Raymond Cotterman—"Clerk."

Mr. Wilson—"What does he do?"

Raymond C.—"Issues marriage licenses." (blushing.)

Mr. Wilson—"Thinking about it already, so soon?"

Jim Kirlin (in Eng., reading Merchant of Venice)—"Miss Eickhoff, would you like to choose a husband as Portia did?"

Miss E.—"James, don't you think that's a little off the lesson?"

Mrs. Allee (in French class)—"What is the French word for dog?"

G. Tunison—"Masculine or feminine?"

Mr. McCarty (in Chemistry class)—"Edith, what would be the effect on riding if the wheels on automobiles had been eccentric?"

Edith Duncan—"Why, joy riding would never have been invented."

Mr. Woody (IA Algebra class)—"What is nothing times nothing, or 0×0 ?"

Raymond Briny—"Nothing square or 02."

Mamie H. (in French class)—"Is the word feet masculine or feminine?"

Mr. McCarty, trying to explain dynamic equilibrium, drew a picture representing a billiard table. When he asked what it was, Ruth Showalter replied—"Well, it's billiards or poker or something like that."

Mr. Lindley—"What is work, Edward?"

Edward V.—"I don't know."

Mr. Lindley—"What is the boiling point of water, Marion?"

Marion Schleiger—"Thirty-two degrees."

Mr. Lindley—"That's tough luck."

"He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing."—Richard Patten.

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EXPLAINED.

Clara Parvis (at Domestic Science Spread)—“Wonder what these spoons are for?”

Gladys Watkins—“I don’t know.”

Clara (having dropped fruit salad on her dress)—“Gee, I know now.”

SOME BIG REDUCTION.

Miss McCune (to Raymond Becraft in 1B Algebra)—“There is hardly enough room for all of you at the board so, Raymond, you may take your seat.”

Miss Miller (in Latin class)—“What genders do we have in Latin?”

Marion Schleiger—“Natural and Artificial.”

We notice that Mr. Wilson is greatly embarrassed when asked in 3B History class to sing “Marseillaise.”

Perhaps Miss Gauze can give him some instructions. (????)

Mr. Wilson—“What is the most important thing the Rump Parliament ever did?”

Paul M.—“It got up early one morning and dissolved.”

When Harry Rains, does Howard Snow?

Why Molly just fell.

Well, did Martha Trip-Her?

LOGIC.

If Con’s a Wolf, and May’s a Bear; then Henry’s a Crab.

Miss H.—Avey-vous dit jamais Monsieur Patten, voulez-vous des roses on des Tulipes?

Dick P.—Oui, mademoiselle.

Miss H.—A qui.

Dick P.—A ma mere.

DO YOU REALIZE THIS?

Miss Ryker (in English class)—How do apples hang, “on” or “from” the tree?

B. S.—“By the stem.”

Miss Thomas (1A Algebra)—“How many angles are there in a triangle, Cedric?”

Cedric O.—“Oh, three, in this one.”

“Variety’s the very spice of life.”—Garrett Beck.

As the sleeping room should be well ventilated, the windows of the 8:30 to 9:15 class rooms should be kept open.

Question—What is the difference between Dick Patten and Garrett Beck in B. B.?

Answer—Beck never passes the ball when he gets it, and Rosam never gets it to pass.

Miss Howard—"Eight of those Frenchmen shook hands with me as they left the room. Now, I'm not in the habit of shaking hands with eight American men at one time."

Crip (writing on board)—"Girls are dangerous."

Ross H.—"Say, Don, how much money have you got?"

Don Shenk—"I got a plenty; I don't spend it for shows like you do."

Ross H.—"No wonder you've got it. When you go any place you never spend anything but the evening." (Ask Irene.)

Donald Shenk—"I am feeling awful blue today."

Russell S.—"I am feeling worse than that."

Donald S.—"How is that?"

Russell S.—"You don't know what an awful feeling that dead broke feeling is."

Sylvia Hurwick—"I got 100 on two tests in English."

Florence Sullivan—"My, how smart you are. How did you do it?"

Sylvia H.—"Easy, I got 60 on one and 40 on the other."

Teacher—"You know the ribs are attached to the spine in the back, but what are they attached to in front?"

Freshie—"To the wishbone."

Tate Myers (in a loud whisper to Paul Mitchell, after the bell had rung)—"Shut up."

Mr. Wilson—"Excellent advice, Alberta."

Lord, I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing.—Earl Todd.

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On Boys

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Do not take my words too seriously nor think all boys like this. A gentleman escort is the best person one can have for dances, dinners, etc. Reports say they are more desirable than I have pictured them.

"MAMIE" HAMILTON, '19.

"A mother's pride, a father's joy."—Russell Young.

Questions to be Considered

If Miss Ryker wanted to teach a quick Learner would Lulu Suter?
 If Mr. Knepper is red with Coughlan is Janice Brown?
 If Mr. McCarty caught a Bair would Arlene Cook it?
 If Hawkins has a Howard muscle is Dorothy's Armstrong?
 If Mary Vore went down the Allee would Mildred Stahl her?
 If Mrs. Conn stood on Merle('s) Davenport would Martha Trippeer?
 If Don Preble is Woody is Helen Gause?
 If Mr. Lindley cussed a Cole would Lylia Pettiford?
 If Mr. Wilson is ready to Berry is Russell Young?

Mr. McCarty—"How many bones are there in the human body, Fred?"

Fred W.—"I don't know."

Mr. McCarty—"Well, what do you know, Fred?"

Fred W.—"I don't know anything for certain."

Don P.—"I went out the other day and killed seven rabbits."

Gilbert O.—"I'll bet that they were all blind."

Don P.—"Yes, or sick."

"Sy" Colescott (teaching for Miss Colescott, discussing the deportation of the Acadians): Don P.—"Why, that was all right. They weren't civilized then."

"Sy"—"Well, how would you like to have your family all scattered?"

Ruth S.—"Crip, I heard Madonna had something wrong with her teeth."

Crip G.—"Well, I never bothered her teeth."

Senior (to Freshie)—"Do you want a Sargasso?"

Freshie—"No, I'm not taking that subject this year."

Student in office during "flu panic:" Mr. Hinshaw—"What is the matter with you?"

Student—"They tell me I'm a Coffin."

"Sixteen"

1.

Oh, how cruel the world is then,
When one has reached age "6" + "10."
No human heart doth understand,
You are the genius of the land.
Your soul with passion ever suffers,
You have at least ten different lovers,
All whom you love one at a time
With a burning love, supreme, divine.

2.

You weep and mope and are confused,
You know in truth, you are abused.
Ah! 'tis in vain, none will confess,
That you're with rarest talents bles't—
Save you, alone, who realize
That sweet 16's an age to prize.

By EDWINA O.

Le Maitre = teacher, masc.

La Maitresse = teacher, fem.

Miss H.—Comment de maitres avez vous, Russel?

Russel S.—I haven't any, mine are all mattresses.

Psychologists say that it is a well established fact that if you know a thing you can tell it.

Crip G.—I don't believe it.

I've slept in old French missions,
The gals for me have sighed,
Rattle snakes have bitten me,
Then crawled away and died.

The cooties bite at me in vain,
They never even dent me skin,
Me stomach feeds on whiskey,
Me thinks 'tis made of tin.

Comps. of Pvt. MACY "BOOTS" CAROTHERS,
A. E. F., K. H. S., '18.

Miss Eickhoff (day after Thanksgiving)—"John, why haven't you your English?"

John—I couldn't have studied it if I had taken it home."

Miss E.—"Why?"

J. T.—"I had the stomachache."

Mr. Fleenor (calling roll)—"Earl—Colecott, and are you any relation to your sister?"

Earl (giggling)—"Er—er— brother."

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In remembrance of you so dear.

To you we owe all that we are,
To you we give just due,
You've fitted us to meet the cares
In the life that is so new.

So to you we bid a fond farewell,
May you always have great fame,
When in the future of you we think,
We'll praise and exalt your name.

—H. L., '19.

THE END





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